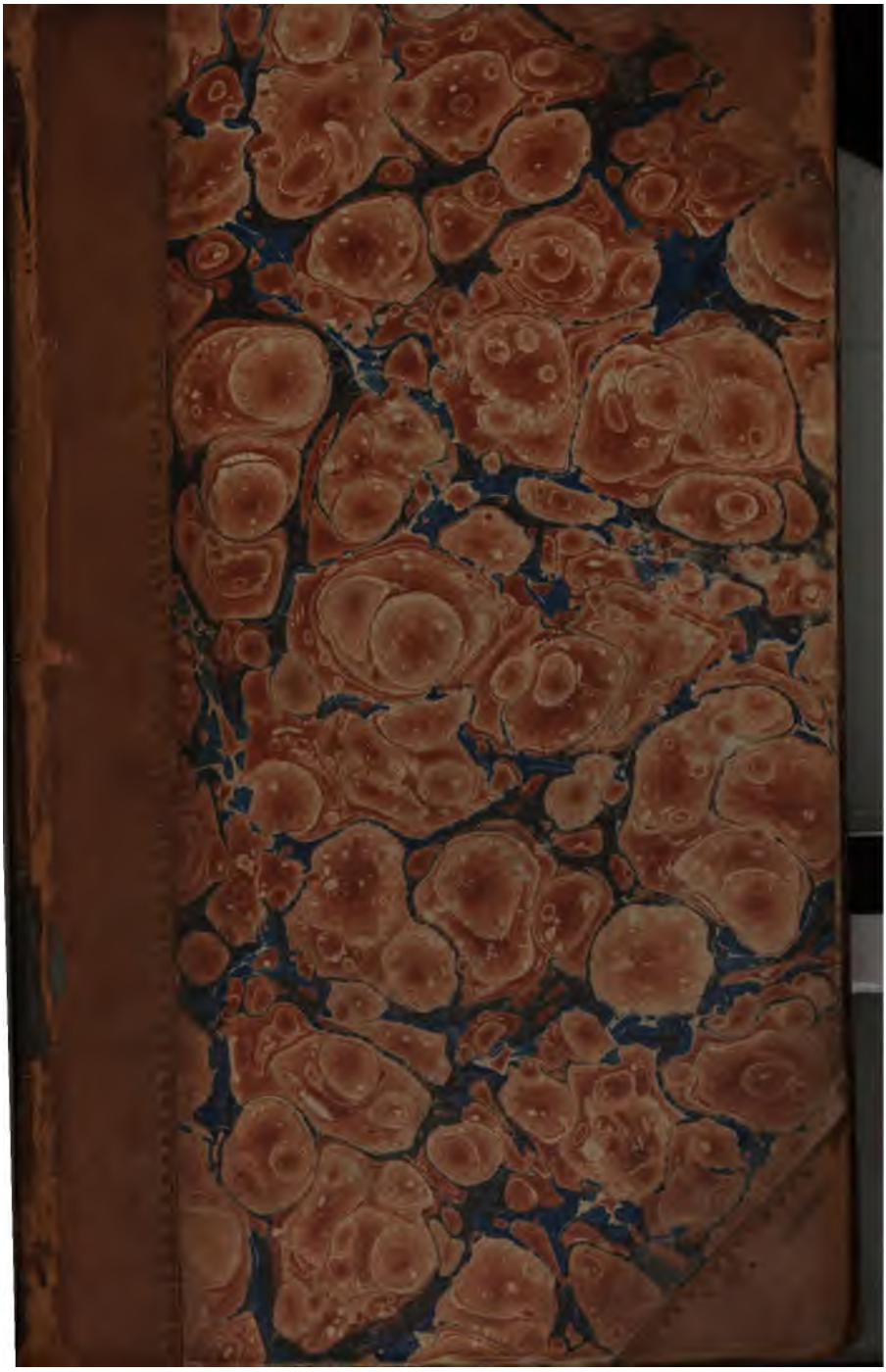

GERMAN FAIRY TALES.

John Wertheimer, Printer,
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FAIRY TALES,

FROM THE

GERMAN OF A. L. GRIMM.

CONTAINING, THE BLACK GUITAR; THE TWO FOUNDLINGS OF THE SPRING; AND THE AVENGING CUDGEL.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY CRUIKSHANK.

LONDON:

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PREFACE.

OF the numerous translations from the German which have been put forth within the last few years, none, perhaps, have excited more general attention than the selections from the "*Kinder und Haus Mährchen*" of M. M. GRIMM, published under the title of "GERMAN POPULAR STORIES." To the juvenile world they presented a rich and varied treat, and formed an invaluable addition to the treasure before possessed of that legendary lore in which the youthful mind loves to revel with insatiable eagerness and delight; while to the adult reader they were curious, as shewing the origin of many of our most familiar nursery tales, and interesting, as awakening reminiscences connected with the most joyous period of his existence.

In short, the reception which they experienced was such as to excite a hope, that a further selection of tales of a similar kind would not prove unacceptable to the English reader; and to this hope the present unpretending volume owes its origin.

has disregarded the opinions of one or two experienced literary friends, who contended that the tales were good, but that they should be subjected to a *rifacimento*, or re-handling, to adapt them to the English taste. Had adaptation been his object, it cannot be doubted but that object might have been accomplished with very little trouble; but the diversity of opinion which he found, upon the subject, among the few friends who perused the manuscript, reminding him forcibly of the fable of the old man and his ass, determined the translator to proceed on his original plan.

It remains to say one word touching the origin of the tales. The author in his "*Preface for Parents*," gives the following account of them.

"The story of the "AVENGING CUDGEL" will be recognized as a well known popular tale; the present form is that in which I more frequently found it, and which I consider to be the most genuine."

"For the story of "THE TWO FOUNDLINGS OF THE SPRING," I am indebted to the recollection of my grandfather, when in his 70th year, who related it to me so often, in common with most of the tales of "*The Arabian Nights*," that I was

GERMAN FAIRY TALES.

THE BLACK GUITAR.

CHAPTER I.

THERE was once a knight named Arbogast, who dwelt in a solitary castle, in a thick wood, that lay far from any city; and but few shepherds had settled and built their huts near the castle; and their cattle pastured on the meadows in the vicinity. And the castle was buried amid lofty oaks, with spreading branches, leafy beech trees, and gloomy pines, which quite concealed it in their deep shade, and gave it so sombre an appearance, that it was generally known among the few who had ever seen it, by the name of the *Finsterburg*, or the Gloomy Castle. And the interior was not more lively, for it was not without reason that Arbogast was called by his own vassals and servants "the gloomy knight." Since the time that he lost his wife, Lady Gertrude, and their little daughter, his favorite, *on one day* without his domestics knowing whither they had both vanished, his natural sternness of character had deepened and settled into sullen and habitual melancholy.

For some time after the mysterious disappearance of the gentle Lady Gertrude, it had been the knight's

custom to quit the castle every spring with his attendants, and not to return home until late in the autumn, and after very long journeys. He then spent the winter in perilous exercises, hunting the wolf and wild boar, until, with the first peeping of the birch-buds, he started again on his expeditions. But even the attendants who were his constant companions on these long journeys, knew not why he undertook them, and only imagined that he sought his lost lady and her infant daughter. However, for some years, Arbogast had given up these annual excursions, and went out to hunt only now and then, when he had been sitting for several weeks in speechless gloom, brooding with beetling brows and a fixed, vacant eye. Then he would suddenly start up and rush wildly out; and his attendants followed him in silence; and they would often say to one another, "It must be some evil spirit that possesses our master, and robs him of his soul's peace." And others said yet severer things of him, as "Yes! the evil spirit that is in him, is probably no other than his own conscience, which oppresses him for some evil deed; for formerly he was an active, cheerful man."

And when Arbogast returned from his hunting excursions, he wrapt himself up again in gloom and silence; and all was still around him, like himself.—Nay he was even displeased when his own and only son, the twin-brother of his favorite, frolicked about

him in childish artlessness and called him father. Indeed, he could not endure the sight of the boy, and seemed to harbour an inveterate dislike to him, for which reason he had long since given him over to the care of old Leuthold, who watched with paternal fondness over his youth.

And Adelbert, that was the knight's son, grew up in cheerful innocence, and became a perfect model of grace and elegance. As it was his father's desire, he learnt of old Leuthold to draw the cross-bow, to handle his sword, to curb his horse, and to wield the spear and battle-axe; but as soon as the hours of exercise were over, he would take off his sword and spurs, and hang his cross-bow on its nail, and then go down to the children of the shepherds in the valley; and his bosom swelled as he listened to their tales. But his greatest pleasure was derived from hearing an old hermit-like man, who was generally known by the name of grandfather, sing an ancient ballad, with a feeble, tremulous voice, while he accompanied himself on an old shattered guitar; and often, the old man would give him the guitar into his hand, and teach him to touch the strings. And when the grandfather related to him how that there were many of the sons of knighthood, who had not dedicated their whole lives to the lists and the chace, but had journeyed from country to country with their joyous harps, rejoicing all hearts, wherever they came,

and had been honored and esteemed by kings and noble ladies, Adelbert's heart rose with eager desire and emulation, and he lay, usually, the following night, sleepless upon his pillow, and prayed earnestly to God—"Oh grant that I may become a minstrel, but one of the best whose name is hailed from land to land!" And he went down oftener and oftener to the old grandfather, and soon learnt to elicit little melodies from the strings, and to sing a ballad of his own composing. And when he sang, the shepherds listened eagerly, both young and old, and extolled his song, although they did not always understand it; for the burthen of it was ever his earnest longing for the gift of minstrelsy. But the old grandfather scanned well the emotions of his breast, and advised him one day to go and ask his father for what he so earnestly longed to have, adding, "methinks, *I* would not refuse it to *my* son."

Then Adelbert rose quickly and ran up to the castle, and went to his father, yet out of breath, and said—"I hope, dear father, you will not refuse the request which I am going to make, or scold me for a child, although my wish appear to you to be a childish one; for it arises not from childish eagerness for novelty, but the whole happiness of my future life depends upon it."

And Arbogast was seated in the hall, when his son entered so hastily, and was gazing out of the window with distended eyelids, dead to all around him. But

when he had said this, the knight turned with a look of wonder and inquiry towards the boy, now grown up almost to manhood, and beckoned to him to pronounce his wish. And Adelbert said "Send a servant quickly, father, and let him bring me a guitar; for I will not become a knight." And he had scarcely got to the end before his father started in his rattling armour, and seized his sword, which stood beside him, and struck the hilt of it against the marble table, so that the slab was broken in pieces, and stamped with his foot that the hall shook, and sparks flew from the stone pavement; and he cried with a voice of thunder "Ha! who has taught thee that word, boy? the word I detest above all others! that I thought never to hear again! Who named that word to thee? and have they at last told thee of the *Black Guitar?* say! have they? have they?" and the youth answered, somewhat frightened,—"No, father, I know nothing of the Black Guitar! but how should the name be so hateful, when the thing itself is so agreeable, and must have been a gift from heaven, with its gentle tones?"

"Away! away! out of my sight!" cried the raving knight, "and come not again into my presence."

Then Adelbert quitted the hall, sorrowful and dismayed, and the angry father slammed after him the heavy folding door.

CHAP. II.

And the following night the gentle youth lay in his solitary, gloomy chamber, and could not sleep. The figure of his enraged father was continually before his eyes, and he was at a loss to imagine why the word that was to him the dearest of all, should be so hateful to his parent. And the more he reflected upon the circumstance, the stronger grew his ardent wish to unravel the mystery of the Black Guitar. And he had not lain long, and all had become still in the castle and in the court-yard, when the moon darted her silvery beams through the round panes of his casement, and at the same instant he thought there were some wonderfully sweet tinkling sounds in the air, harmonizing with his half-dreaming fantasy: and the sounds were entirely new to him, and they were soft and soothing beyond any thing he had ever heard. And so he sprang up and put his head out of window, to ascertain what the sounds were, and whence they proceeded. But as he looked out into the still castle court, he heard nothing, save the snorting of the horses in the stable below, and now and then a single tread of their hoofs. And just as he was withdrawing from the window the sounds were again wafted towards him. But he could not distinguish whether they were the purest

accents of the human voice, or issued from the most perfect stringed instrument. He perceived, however, that the tones proceeded from the solitary tower near the chapel— at the same time it struck him to enquire, as he had often done before, why the doors of that tower were walled up, and secured yet more, with heaps of stones and rubbish: but as nobody had ever given him a satisfactory answer, and his father had evinced great displeasure at his curiosity when a boy, he had not again ventured to ask, why the fine lofty tower was never used, since it alone seemed to command a prospect over the wood. He remembered, too, that he had often seen the huntsmen and servants shew signs of fear whenever their duty detained them late in the castle-court, and that they ran quickly past the tower and the chapel. The shepherds also, he recollected, had often related to him, that when, in the summer season, they remained out all night long with their cattle, they frequently heard delightful sounds issue from the tower, and between-whiles a faint scream, and cry for help. While all these reflections were passing through his mind, the melodious sounds wafted over again from the summit of the tower, enchantingly. And he could not withstand their secret power, nor the impulse of his own curiosity.—It seemed to him that the tower contained some great, and almost inconceivable treasure, which he was to win *now*, or never.

Accordingly, he arose from his sleepless couch, and threw on his clothes, and hurried down the spiral stair, and through the open door of the court-yard, to the tower, and the chapel. And he stood at the foot of the tower, and looked up, and sought here and sought there, and there was no entrance, save one, which was strongly barricaded, and secured by a heap of stones.

At length it occurred to him that there might be another entrance within the wall that extended from the tower to the chapel—and he climbed the wall, leaped boldly down on the other side; but the height was too great, and he lay stunned upon the sod.

Recovering from his stupefaction, he found himself on a small spot of ground, enclosed by the wall, the chapel, and the tower; and near him was a little mound of earth, covering a grave, with a wooden cross at the end. And the elder-trees by the chapel wall waved towards the grave, and scattered their little white blossoms upon its mossy bank. And looking up towards the casement window of the tower, he perceived in the middle of it a strange, pale light, which faintly illumined the interior. And the wonderful sounds that he had before heard at a distance, now rang close to him; and the tones became sweeter and more soothing, and more enchanting, so that the youth thought to himself,—"Never in my life have I heard such delightful music; it must surely be the songs of

the holy saints, that they sing in Paradise, as the good old grandfather has so often told me. And while he was so thinking, the tones became intelligible, as if they were words, and he distinctly heard the following lines:—

Spirits, unseen
Are stirring within:
From the tower-window's height
There resoundéth afar
The song of the sprite
Of the Black Guitar.

"Yes, yes," said Adelbert, "that *is* the Black Guitar! I knew it must be that." And the tones continued:—

Oh! my son! be thy sleeping
Unbroken, and at ease,
By the whispers and the weeping
Of the green elder-trees.
From the tomb hasten here,
Thou mother! to thy child:
And breathe into his ear
Dreams ominous and wild.

The song went on; but Adelbert's eyes were closed in sleep, and a singular dream passed over his spirit. And in his dream he thought that he beheld the mossy hillock open, and from the bosom of the green sod,

which separated like a little heap of leaves, arose the figure of a beautiful female, in a robe that was as white as the elder blossom; and her blond hair waved in rich ringlets upon her shoulders, and her eyes smiled as mildly blue as the little forget-me-not flower, which Adelbert had often seen the shepherds' boys pluck on the rivulet's brink. And Adelbert, in his dream, thought that it was an angel. And there hung upon her forehead a cluster of drops of blood, which had clotted in her hair.

And when she had half raised herself out of the grave, the music ceased, and there came through the air a hissing sound, like the wings of the owl cleaving the air, as she goes out in the twilight to seek her prey. And when Adelbert looked up, he perceived in the air, over the outer wall of the castle, the figure of a knight upon a black winged horse. And the knight was also in black armour; only the plumes of his helmet gave forth a fiery glare over the midnight spectre. And as the frightful figure had passed the castle wall, as Adelbert dreamed, the black steed waved his gigantic pinions slower, and slower passed the apparition. And Adelbert remarked that the black knight held a young female before him, on the saddle, grasping her with his arm, while she bent herself down, struggling: and as he came over the figure in the grave, the young female bent

yet further down from the steed, and the other raised her hands in the air and cried "Lost child! Oh! my lost child!" And the apparition passed over; and as it vanished away, Adelbert heard the maiden cry in piteous accents "My mother! oh my mother!" And when they were passed over, the female in the grave wrang her hands above her head, and raised a mournful cry, and screamed aloud for help.

And in his dream, Adelbert pitied the fair lady and went to her to comfort her; and she folded him in her arms, and called him her son. Then Adelbert knew why she had appeared so kind and gentle to him, for she was his long-lost mother. And he thought that as she held him in her arms, he was still but a little child, and she rocked him in her lap, and related to him a story.

And this was the story that she related to him in his dream:—"There was once a knight, who had a faithful wife, and she brought him two children, a little boy, and a little girl; and the little girl was the knight's favorite. And it happened that the knight was obliged to go a long journey, and to take with him all his servants and vassals. And as he took leave of his faithful wife, he gave her a guitar that was black and inlaid with costly pearls; and as he gave it to her he said—"Watch over my children, and keep them from all ill. I have a powerful enemy who seeks to injure them; therefore take this guitar, and if you

are disposed to wander without the castle, with the children, forget not to carry it with you. Then if any danger threatens you or them, strike the strings courageously, and you will need no further safeguard; for the guitar possesses, in the hands of every gentle being, like thyself, a hallowed, protecting power." And with that the knight departed; and his wife nursed and watched over his children with fondness and fidelity. And it happened that, one fine evening in autumn, she went with her children in front of the castle, and sat there upon the stone bank beneath the lime-trees, awaiting her husband's return. And her children, then two years of age, sported about her in the high grass, and she had carelessly given them the guitar to play with, and the boy dragged it after him, by its broad gold band, for his cart; and just as the boy had drawn it behind a hedge of roses, at a little distance, the knight's great enemy came forth from behind the trees, and seized the little girl as she was playing, and swung her upon his black horse, and bore her away through the air. And the mother hurried too late after the guitar, and wept and wrang her hands in vain.

"And the same evening, she was kneeling down in the most secluded corner of the castle garden, near the chapel, praying; and her husband came home suddenly and alone, and went to her and said "Thou hast lost my favorite to the foe! thou shalt die for it,

here, in the green grass!" And he raised his broad sabre, and gave her a deep wound across the head, and she sank down, dying, to the earth. And when she was dead, he buried her on the same spot, near the chapel wall; and before his servants came, he enclosed the corner, where her grave was, with a very high wall, that separated it from the castle-court; and the guitar he hung up in the round tower, and closed up the entrance, and hid it behind a heap of stones.

"And the poor mother has no rest in the grave till the child be liberated from the foe; and the knight has no peace in his soul till he recover his favorite, and no forgiveness to hope for, until he weep over his son, also, as lost."

And when the figure in the grave had ended this story, she clasped her Adelbert to her bosom, and pressed his lips, and said "I consecrate thee!" and when she had said it she sank down into the earth; and her lips felt cold as she kissed him, and the undermost of the drops of blood fell upon his forehead. And with that he awoke, and found himself upon the mossy hillock; and the sounds rang on, in their singular manner, and he distinguished the following words:—

Awake, my son, 'tis time—
On the grave where we are,
To the turret-lattice climb,
Take the wonderful Guitar.

For by thee alone, my son,
Shall the fadeless wreath be won:—
To thee thy mother's doom'd to owe
Release from death, and pain, and woe,—
And joys that only Angels know!
'Tis thou alone
Canst free from the fire,
From the brand of the evil one,
The soul of thy sire!

Then Adelbert was greatly shocked, for it was clear to him that the story which he had dreamt was the story of his own family, and that he alone could bring it to a conclusion: and it fell heavily upon his heart that he had been the cause, although the innocent one, of his mother's cruel death, and the loss of his twin-sister.

And he arose and endeavoured to mount up to the tower-lattice, and he succeeded without any difficulty, for the stones were rough, and formed themselves under his feet and hands to perfect steps. And when he reached the opening, he saw the guitar hanging within-side by the gold band, and he reached his hands between the bars to take it, but alas! the bars were too close to permit it to pass; and he tried all ways, turning it inside and outside and sideways, but all in vain! And it happened that as he turned it, his finger touched its golden strings—and, lo! scarcely were the heavenly sounds produced, when the bars of the casement opened, and he drew it out readily, and

suspended it by the gold band across his shoulder and descended. And before he remounted the wall to get over into the court yard, he turned once more to the moss-covered grave, and sang to the sound of the guitar:—

Gentle mother, fare thee well!
Thy son renounces all repose
'Till he dissipate the spell,
And release thee from thy woes.
Gentle mother, fare thee well!

In quiet may thy ashes rest!
By no unhallowed foot be prest
Thy grassy bed!
Nor sorrow more,
Nor wicked power,
Disturb the dead!

In quiet may thy ashes rest,
'Till thou'rt number'd with the blest
In Paradise!
May visions, soothing, sweet,
Come o'er thee, till we meet
Above the skies!

And when he had sung these words, he climbed up to the top of the high wall, and leaped down into the court yard. Then he crept away softly to his chamber, and buckled on his sword and spurs. And

as he was going out, he saw old Leuthold lying in the hall; and the moon-beams fell upon his venerable locks, and revealed his mild countenance. Then Adelbert thought to himself—"Thy father must bewail thee as lost; that is healing to his wounded spirit; but the old man who watched over thy tender years, and loved thee all along more than many a father loves his child, he will be comfortless if thou goest hence without his knowing whither, and for what.—But how delightful it would be if he accompanied thy wandering steps!" And he knelt down upon one knee before the faithful Leuthold, and touched the strings of his guitar, and sang to it:—

Wake! faithful one, awake!
Thy trusty faulcheon take,
    And saddle quick thy steed:
For long 'ere break of day
Thy Lord his toilsome way
    Alone and comfortless shall speed.
Silent and sorrowing,
    Through the dark night,
    In perilous flight,
His dim path following,
    Think'st not thy counsel he shall need?
Up then! and boldly with him flee,
Or he will no more return to thee.

Then the old domestic arose in his sleep, and went down softly, and saddled their two horses, sleeping, and mounted with his young master; and they both rode out through the castle gates, which softly opened, and through the narrow defiles of the valley, into the wide world. And when awakened life reanimated the *Finsterburg*, the two fugitives were already far off.

CHAP. III.

And the gloomy knight sat for several days in his castle hall, before his broken table, enveloped in more than ordinary heaviness of mind, when he at length learnt from his attendants, the tidings, that his son Adelbert had vanished, together with old Leuthold, and that no trace of them was to be discovered in the forests, far and near. And from that hour a deeper melancholy shrouded his spirit, so that he never again went out into the forests, at night, to hunt the wild beasts, as he had occasionally continued to do. And the decrepitude of age came over him, while yet in the prime of his years; and he never more quitted his gloomy castle, but passed a cheerless, desolate, and sorrowful existence.—And the grass began to grow in the castle road, and

under the portcullis, and the gates moved with difficulty, and creaked upon their rusty hinges.

And the third morning after their departure, Adelbert and Leuthold sat down in the shade of some beech trees, to repose themselves.—Then Leuthold suddenly looked earnestly in Adelbert's face, and said "What spot is that upon your forehead?" and the youth passed his hand across his brow to wipe it away, but Leuthold said, "No, no, it is not gone! why surely it is a spot of blood! have you killed anybody?" And Adelbert was very sorrowful and said "Yes, it is almost so: my mother died through me, and let a drop of her blood fall upon my forehead out of her matted hair, and I must bear the mark until she sleep at peace in her tomb, and my crime be fully expiated. But question me no further, my faithful Leuthold, for all you must not know." And the old faithful domestic asked no more questions, but mounted his horse with his young master, and went on. And they journeyed always towards the part where the sun sets. And it happened, that one day they arrived at a steep, rocky hill, upon whose extensive summit there was a large city; and Leuthold ascended by the nearest footpath, to seek a lodging for his young master. His horse he left with Adelbert at the foot of the rocky wall; and Adelbert had also dismounted from his weary steed, to repose himself

in the high grass of the meadow, near a cave in the rock, which opened behind some tall rushes. And as he was accustomed to do, he did then: he took his beautiful instrument, from which he learnt every day to elicit sweeter tones, and played many a soft melody in the sultry rays of the autumnal sun.

And he had not played long before the horses came galloping and snorting, with manes scattered in the wind, and eyes wildly rolling, and reared and plunged; and it was only as he sang to them that they were stilled, and went and laid themselves down behind him. And he was sure that there must be some wild beast near to scare the noble animals in that manner. And when he looked round he heard a hollow voice proceeding from the cave, and saw a huge ball-shaped monster come rolling forward, and after it came several smaller monsters. And when it had rolled out into the daylight, it proved to be a large dragon, and the little ones were her seven young dragons. And their disgusting forms unrolled themselves in the evening sunshine. Then Adelbert perceived large glittering scales upon their snake-like bodies, and their claws were armed with long sharp barbs, and their tails ended also in long barbed points, resembling a whalers harpoon; and on the sides of their bodies were fixed large bat-like wings. Their heads were of a blue and yellow color, and re-

sembled distorted human countenances, with projecting, fiery eyes. And when they perspired, a black vapour issued from their gaping nostrils.

And when the monsters had disentangled their lengthy bodies, they stationed themselves in a semicircle around Adelbert, and fixed him with their fiery eyes, and opened wide their gigantic jaws, studded with long pointed teeth. And Adelbert saw how the labourers in the distant fields threw down their implements of husbandry, and mounted the steep sides of the rock, eager to regain the city gates; and how the oxen and sheep fled in terror from the meadows, and sought refuge in the woods, and farm yards. And he felt, himself, somewhat intimidated, but he ventured not to rise and flee away, because he should then, he feared, more certainly fall a prey to the hideous monsters.

And half in fear, and half in uncertainty what to do, he continued playing his guitar; but the movement was mechanical, for he knew not what he did. And as he perceived that the dragons had quietly encamped around, and seemed to be attentive to the music, he struck the strings with reviving courage; and the dragons grew more and more attentive, and Adelbert grew bolder, too, and sang the following lines:—

A youth sat under a beetling rock
  And swept the strings of gold:
From a drear cave, hewn by an earthquake's shock,
  Towards him a monster roll'd;
And behind her so frightful and foul a brood,
  That the heart of the minstrel was half subdued;
    Yet still the golden wires among,
      Fluttereth many a thrilling tone,
    For o'er them his hand is unconsciously flung,
      And still they its mastery own.

And when he had sung so far, he beheld the monsters stretch open their frightful jaws and yawn; and presently they closed their eyes to listen—and Adelbert continued:—

As the dragon lay round him, with all her brood,
  Greedily heark'ning in rude surprize,
Her offspring frisking in frolicsome mood,
  The young bard's courage began to rise.
In a richer flow his song is pour'd;—
  And the monsters, in rapture, each wild gush drink,
Till slowly their bright eyelids are lower'd,
  And drowsily down at his feet they sink.
Sound on, thou Guitar of the witching cord,
And be henceforth ever his magic word!

And when he had finished singing, it was even as he had sung; the dragons were sunk into a deep sleep and snored; and the venemous vapour rose in little blue flames out of their nostrils.

Then Leuthold returned in haste from the city, for he had heard from the fugitive husbandmen, that the dragon had issued from the cave with her whole brood, and must surely have devoured the strange youth with the guitar, who was seated close to the entrance of it. And when the old man drew near, and beheld his young master seated fearlessly in the midst of the venemous monsters, singing and boldly striking the cords, he cried out to him in terror and astonishment, "Why, how now? Adelbert! my Adelbert! what companions you have gathered round you! But Adelbert beckoned to him to be silent, and whispered "Bring chains that we may secure the monsters in their sleep." And Leuthold went up into the town, and brought all the chains that he could collect together. And while Adelbert went from one to the other of the dragons, playing a little air to each, as he snored, Leuthold put his chains round them all, and secured them; first the old dragon, and then her brood.

And as they were now all bound with heavy chains and still heavier sleep, Adelbert said, go up into the city, and let great quantities of wood be brought that we may build a funeral pile around the dragons, and so burn them, that the land may be freed from such a terrible scourge. And Leuthold went up into the city; and when he brought intelligence to the

citizens of what he and his young master had done, and how they now thought to burn the monsters with fire, there was a great jubilee among all the people; for the dragon had already done great mischief, with her brood, both to men and cattle.

And they brought together, in haste, a great quantity of wood, and built a large pile around the dragons, and set fire to it in all quarters at once. And the sleeping monsters did not awake until the flames blazed up on all sides, and met over them, and then they strove to escape; but before they could disentangle themselves from their chains, the flames reached them and consumed them to ashes, amid dreadful howlings and hissings. And when the flames died away, and there was nothing left but a heap of smoking ashes, Adelbert turned towards the city, and Leuthold with him, to shew him the inn.

And the people all encircled them, and accompanied them with rejoicings, and led them before the king of the land, who held his court in that city.—And the king received the young knight with great kindness and honor, and offered him a lodging in his castle, entreating him to spend some time with him, that he might shew him the honors he deserved, for the great service which he had rendered to himself and his people.

This friendly and flattering invitation Adelbert accepted, and dwelt, with his faithful Leuthold, in the king's palace.

CHAP. IV.

ADELBERT and Leuthold had tarried but a few weeks at the king's court, and the leaves had already fallen from the trees, and the autumnal winds howled through the naked branches; and a few weeks more and the winter came with its cold rains, interrupted by snow-storms. And during that dismal season Adelbert sat many an hour with the king and his nobles and courtiers, in the large hall of his castle, with its fine marble columns and warm stove, and poured forth such joyous and enlivening strains, that all who heard him, felt their hearts open, as if spring had returned with its flowers, and its fresh sprouts, and its nightingales. And often, when the king had been delighted with his minstrelsy, he would turn to Adelbert and say,—"Desire whatever pleaseth thee on earth, thou heavenly minstrel, and I will give it thee as far as lies in my power; but promise me then, to stay with me so long as my weak life shall last, and brighten, with your sweet melody, the small remnant of my days."

And one day when the king had spoken thus, Adelbert answered,—"How gladly would I fulfil your wish, my royal host, if my higher duty did not forbid it. With me it rests to impart peace to my mother in the grave, and to rescue my father's soul from the thraldom of sin; therefore it were treason to my own blood to accept your generous offer. Nay, for this reason I am thinking to depart immediately, now that the rains and snow-storms of winter are passed, and the sun begins here and there to draw forth a little leaf out of the buds on your garden trees."

And when the king heard that, he pressed him no further; but in honor of his guest, at his departure, he collected together all the knights of his kingdom, and invited them to a grand tournament.

Then a large space was enclosed at the entrance of the garden, to form the lists; and the knights collected in their armour. And round about on the trunks of the lime trees, were hung the rich armorial ensigns of the knights, shewing their noble and ancient descent.

And the king thought to honor his young minstrel, and he led him out upon the balcony of the palace that overhung the lists, supported by the corinthian columns of the garden gate. And when they advanced, all the knights lowered their lances in their rests to salute the king; and the king pointed to

Adelbert and said to his knights, "Behold ye knights and esquires! this youth hath surpassed ye all, with all your feats of chivalry, and gallant prowess. He performed alone, what you attempted by hundreds, and yet could not accomplish:—he destroyed the dragon and her brood, our country's scourges: therefore it is just that you should honor him as your master, and I command you all to salute him as you ride by."

Then the knights rode past before the king and Adelbert, and when they came to Adelbert they lowered their lances to salute him; and Adelbert blushed with modesty at every salute. But there came one, who was a tall, stately knight, in black armour, mounted on a black charger; and he rode by, and looked contemptuously in Adelbert's face, and passed on without saluting him. And the king called to him "Do you honor my guest so little that you refuse him your salute?"

And the knight answered boldly—"If my king command me to honor his guest, although he be but a boy I will obey him; but if my king command me to honor my master in the boy, I must ride past again without obeying him. If the boy will be thought a man, and be honored of knights and warriors, let him deserve it first by his knightly prowess, and shew the power of his art against a warrior's arm, and not

against senseless brutes that he sings to sleep, and murders in that defenceless state."

Then Adelbert nodded to him in friendly exceptation of his challenge; and the blond ringlets played upon his forehead, and he cried out to the haughty knight "Be it so! let the tournament proceed, and I will enter the lists last with the conqueror."

Then the tournament began with great pomp in the king's garden. And the knights charged with their lances, and fought with their battle-axes, and combated on foot with their swords. And the haughty knight was always the conqueror at every kind of combat. And the evening sun already fringed the clouds with a crimson glow, and gilded the budding branches of the trees with its warm light; and the haughty knight stood in the middle of the lists, and motioned with his lance to Adelbert and cried, "Now, my little friend, if it so please thee, mount thy little nag, and ride into the lists; but have a care you fall not from your saddle with affright, before I catch you up with my lance's point and hurl you out over the railing. Though truly I pity you, and will waive the unequal contest, provided you submit to my riding past you without saluting."

And Adelbert said to himself "Oh my dear mother, let the power of thy magic instrument be shewn, and of my weak song," and prepared to descend. But

the king said—"Stay, my dear youth! heed him not! the proud knight scarcely treats me better, and I am his king; but he is the wisest and bravest general in my service."

"Ah!" said Adelbert, "so much the more does he deserve that I descend and seek to tame that unruly spirit, and teach him that there exists a higher power than mere manual prowess, and personal bravery, and before which these must bend and be humbled; how else can he be your subject? If he esteem the strongest among men the noblest, he will seek to be your king, or will at least think himself worthy to be king, since he is the strongest."

Thereupon he descended from the balcony, and mounted his little horse, and took his guitar in his hand, and rode into the lists. And he rode up to the proud knight, and said, while he preluded upon his guitar: "You must allow me the first blow in our contest, for if you demolish my instrument my playing is over; and if you pierce my body I cannot sing; but if you will suffer me to begin, I will try whether, with my weapons, I can overcome yours."

"Aye, aye, sing and play away," said the knight, "I care not how long."

And Adelbert stood opposite to the knight, and sang, with a low voice, a short, supplicatory hymn to his mother; then he struck the cords with energy,

and it seemed the accompaniment of a war-song that he was composing. And his antagonist awaited the contest with impatience, regarding him with a fierce and contemptuous look. Then the king trembled for the youth, and all the spectators pitied him. And Adelbert touched the strings more gently, and allayed the flush of courage that he had excited in every bosom, and tempered the rage of his haughty opponent. And as he played, his features became lit up, by degrees, with a wonderful expression, and his locks encircled his head, and glittered in the rays of the evening sun like a halo of glory; and a strange radiance seemed to arise as he touched the golden strings, and surround him, till at length, he appeared like the apparition of an angel, hovering over his little white steed. And he sang to the magic tones of his guitar, the following simple strain:—

On the rivulet's brink
A floweret was blowing;
In the glory of spring,
That floweret was glowing.
And, rooted for years by the rivulet spring,
A black and ponderous cliff hung o'er it,
Ever its calm face threatening,
And caring nought for the gentle floweret.

"Ho! floweret, ho!
"Why smilest thou so?
"Who cares for thee, so weak and small?
"Men pluck thee off, when thy summer stem
"Is most vain of its leafy diadem,
"Or thou would'st fade and fall.
"I too—even I—however loth,
"Could mar in a moment thy beauteous brow:
"For if I but rest upon thee now,
"I kill thee and bury thee, both."

Thou quivering rock! fall down, fall down,
And crush me, inhumed in a grave of stone.
If my light faileth,
For thee it burns not;
The glory of color
To thee returns not.
Thou quivering rock! fall down, fall down,
And crush me, inhumed in a grave of stone!

Adelbert accompanied this insignificant fable with the sweetest tones that slept in his guitar, and when he had ended, he repeated the two first lines of the last verse:

Thou quivering rock! fall down, fall down.
And crush me, inhumed in a grave of stone!

And the proud knight clapped spurs to his charger, and poised his lance, and rushed upon Adelbert; but his horse turned aside, and his lance was shivered

against one of the columns, and the splinters flew round about. Then he turned round slowly, and said to Adelbert, "I cannot fight against you, and I would gladly honor you with a salute, but you have broken my lance with your weapons. No! so wonderful a flower shall not be crushed by the rock's rude weight!" And with that he sprang from his horse, and strode up to Adelbert, and held his stirrup; and Adelbert leaped lightly down, and the two foes lay in each other's arms.

Then the king's long-restrained exclamation of joy resounded from the balcony, and a thousand voices re-echoed it; and the whole place rang with their shouts. And the king came down, and led the minstrel on his right hand, and the strong knight on his left; and the other knights and esquires followed him into the noble hall, where a sumptuous banquet awaited the king's guests.

CHAP. V.

AND when the feast was over, Adelbert rose from his seat by the king's side, and went to walk in the gardens; and his late haughty opponent followed him. And they walked along the green alleys of budding trees, and seated themselves on a stone bank

at the end of the garden. The full moon shone down upon them with her clear light, and the proud knight looked Adelbert in the face for a long time. Then Adelbert asked—"Prythee, tell me, Sir Knight, of what family you are, and why you so often look in my face with such earnestness?"

"My name, my noble friend, is Otto," answered the knight, "and on account of my bodily size and strength, I am generally called Otto the Great. If a short story will not be irksome to you, I will explain why I so often look you in the face, and can scarcely take my eyes off you."

"No, my dear Otto, relate your story—when did you hear of a minstrel who did not gladly lend his ear to a good story?" Then Otto began:—"We have a tradition, in our country, of a strong knight who was a powerful magician, and who is said to reside now in the centre of Africa: but formerly this magician dwelt in this land, and had, among many other wonderful things, a stringed instrument of extraordinary virtue. This instrument he carried with him on his journey through Germany, and people maintain that he became possessed of it by no creditable means, inasmuch as he stole it from some noble lady there, having seen what wonders it performed, and thinking to possess himself of its magic powers. But in that he was mistaken: for the guitar had no power

unless its strings were touched by the hand of some person humble in spirit, and whose conscience was free from any extraordinary guilt.—Thence it arose that this instrument of wonder was never obedient to the wicked sorcerer: that the contrary of what he wished invariably happened on his touching of the strings; so that at last he threw the instrument aside, and thought no more of it. But the son of the noble lady whose treasure it was, pursued him, and sought out his castle, and stood before the high walls of his fortress, and challenged him to knightly combat for the possession of the wonder-working instrument. At first, the sorcerer sent out all kinds of frightful, fiend-like monsters against the knight, hoping to intimidate him; but the bold knight withstood them all, and conquered them; then the sorcerer himself was forced to appear, and the young knight conquered him also, and compelled him to give up the guitar, with which he joyfully returned home. But the treacherous magician watched for an opportunity to be revenged, and robbed him of his favorite child, whom the mother did not carefully guard, and carried her with him into the interior of Africa, where he now pursues his magic art. But surely you must know all this, for you are from Germany, and the story came to us from thence. However, I can tell you, in addition, that every full-moon the sorcerer

sends out an apparition from his distant home, which disturbs the mother in her grave, and mocks her misery. This apparition is said to be the Black Knight upon a winged horse, with the tender, pale-cheeked maiden in his arms, who, on the night of the full-moon, rides across our country into Germany.—Now, you must know, Sir Knight, that this pale maiden, whom I have often seen, has made such an impression on my heart, that I can never forget her loveliness; and I am therefore resolved, if possible, to seek out the Black Knight and Sorcerer, and to win her of him in combat, or die in the attempt to rescue her: for life has no joy in store for me without her. And the reason why I have fixed my eyes on you the whole evening, with mingled pain and pleasure, is, that you are the exact resemblance of the pale maiden; only, that your cheeks bloom with a fresher tinge."

Adelbert had listened with great attention, and knew that Otto had related to him his own father's history, and the history of his guitar. And when Otto had finished his story, he said to him, "You have given me a valuable piece of intelligence, and I heartily thank you for it. Had it not been for you, I might have wandered about in vain for ever; but now I know, that I must direct my course towards Africa, in order to reach the goal: for it is the Black

Knight with the flaming plumes whom I seek, and of whom, till now, I have heard no tidings."

"Yes, true, the apparition on the winged horse wears flaming plumes too," answered Otto. "Then you know him? you also have seen him?"

"Indeed have I!" answered Adelbert; "and the pale damsel is my twin sister, whom he stole from my mother; and mine is the wonderful guitar, that my father recovered from the foe. But I will seek him out and force him to surrender my gentle sister, and then, if she herself be willing, she shall be yours."

"O! pray take me with thee: we shall be stronger to withstand his power."—"Be it so then," said Adelbert, and he shook Otto's proffered hand.

And while they were yet standing, hand in hand, they heard a rushing noise in the air, and exclaimed both at the same instant: "There comes the winged horse!" And as they looked up, the apparition passed over the garden; and Adelbert took the guitar, which was lying on the stone bank, and sang with a soothing voice:—

Oh sorrow not
Thou child of night,
    Nursling of woe!
Soon shall thy cheek,
So deadly white,
    With rapture glow.

Soon shall the course
Of the winged horse
Be brought to a stand:—
Nor distant the hour
When a mightier power
Shall deliver thee out of the Sorcerer's hand.

Then, boldly striking the strings, he sang on in a louder tone:—

Wander where thou wilt,
By the pale moon's light,
Thou Black Sorcerer!
Go shroud thee in night,
In thy cunning and thy might,
I'll yet find out thy prison tower.
Be thy abode in earth or air
In vain thou'lt seek to hide thee there;
And when I've gain'd thy magic hall,
Thy steed I'll loosen from his stall;—
Soon shalt thou leave
The dead to grieve,
Shalt bow thee to the Lute's high power!

And the winged steed quickened his flight and hurried over; and the pale maiden bent herself as she passed, and let something fall. Then Adelbert stooped and picked up a golden key, and shewed it to his friend, and they both rejoiced at this happy omen of conquest.

CHAP. VI.

THE following morning, when the larks mounted into the air to sing their matin song, Adelbert had chanted his long before, over field and wood, and now rode on at a distance from the city, in the direction of the sea coast, accompanied by his friend Otto, and attended by his faithful Leuthold. And the same day they embarked on board a vessel that was bound for Egypt, to fetch a cargo of the merchandize of that country. A favorable breeze swelled the sails, and they weighed anchor with a light heart, and put to sea. And the ship's keel slid rapidly along the glassy surface of the water; and Adelbert sat with Otto the Great upon the quarter-deck, observing the coast along which they sailed, as it vanished further and further every day, till at length they could see nothing but water and sky. And it happened, one morning, that they were awakened by the loud bawling of the sailors upon deck; and when they went above, they perceived that the sky was covered to the westward with dark, lowering clouds; and the steersman called to them, and told them that there was a dreadful storm approaching. At the same moment the heads of the swollen waves crisped, and burst in foam, and a loud peal of thunder resounded

in the distance. And the wind also rose in its fury, and blew the waves, that they rolled higher and higher, foaming, and dashing against the ship with destructive violence; and the thunder pealed nearer and nearer. Then the courage of the steersman and all the sailors failed them: and when Adelbert chid them for their negligent conduct, the old, weather-beaten steersman said—"Younker, your boldness would make me laugh, if a man could laugh in such a situation—I have spent half my life upon the ocean, and have stood many a storm, but to day beats all that I have ever experienced. Your courage arises from your ignorance of the dangers that impend over us every instant: for you do not know that we are now in a part of the sea that is full of shallows and sand banks; so that unless God's visible guidance save us, we must go to pieces on one of the banks, upon which the wind and waves are driving us."

And Adelbert answered:—"Well, then we must hope for the visible interposition of Heaven, if that alone can save us. Without faith and perfect confidence, none can hope for or expect His grace."

And the fury of the raging elements increased from minute to minute. The heavens were shrouded in pitchy clouds, and the forked lightning darted with a zigzag glare through the dark vault, and down

upon the roaring billows. And the thunder pealed with a tremendous noise, reverberating from cloud to cloud, and rolling on through the vast expanse, till, broken by a thousand echoes, it gradually died away. And the strokes of lightning returned quicker and quicker; and the thunder pealed louder and louder; and wilder and wilder raged, and tossed, and foamed the briny flood. Now the ship rose mountains high, hurled by the waves; now she sank into a deep abyss, dashed by the storm; while even the boisterous lamentations of the crew were drowned in the terrific uproar of the elements.

But Adelbert had taken his guitar, and because it was impossible to stand, for the lurching of the vessel, he had seated himself on the deck by the mainmast, and clang to the mast with his feet, while he put his left arm round it, resting his shoulder against it. And he struck the strings with force, just as if he were angry, and then elicited, between whiles, soft and soothing tones.

And the helmsman, when he saw him with the instrument in his hand, chid him for his indifference to his awful situation; but Adelbert regarded him not, but raised his voice, and sang, amid the creaking of the thunder, and the howling of the winds, and the dashing of the billows, the following words:—

Die away! die away,
Thou thunder peal!
Soft, soft, ye wild waves!
Or ye'll rend my little keel.
Ye winds, hold, hold!
Ye grey clouds on high,
Disperse and unfold
The azure sky!

Great One! whose might
Ruleth all the spheres,
Oh! bless us with thy sight
In our perils and our fears!

May the vast, unerring hand,
Which holds both sea and land,
Guide
Us o'er the tide,
To the distant strand!

And the thunder-claps returned at longer intervals; and the howling and raging of the elements began to subside; and lighter and lighter grew the clouded sky, and less and less violent the pitching of the ship. And the clouds parted, and the blue sky peeped through; and the waves melted away, and the keel scudded as before over a smooth, glassy expanse; and the thunder rolled further and further, and was heard no more. Then the courage of the steersman and sailors revived, and they came and thanked their preserver; for they had heard his hymn

in spite of the storm, and had said Amen in their hearts. And the steersman said to him, "Younker, it is now your turn to chide and punish my ignorance: for I knew not what a treasure of faith you carried in your soul, and how powerful such faith operates in man, and by him." Then Adelbert answered—"Since you have now seen and been convinced of that, give God the honor, whose extraordinary and visible interposition it was that saved us from the fury of the elements; and let us sing a hymn to His glory and praise." And they sang a hymn, the whole ship's crew, to the music of the wonderful guitar; and the hymn began like one still in use among us:—"Great God, we praise thee!"

And they sailed on, prosperously, through the straits of Gibraltar, and past Malta, towards the seven mouths of the Nile.

CHAP. VII.

After a rapid passage, they landed on the bank of one of the numerous streams through which the Nile pours itself over Egypt's fertile land; and Adelbert and Otto, together with Adelbert's old servant, Leuthold, pursued their course along the arm

of the river. And they enquired repeatedly after the strange knight who was a sorcerer, but could nowhere gain intelligence of him. And being arrived at the spot where the Nile, no longer divided, runs on in one broad stream, passing beautiful woods of palms, where here and there small pyramids rise upon gentle eminences, they espied at length, to their right, the lofty pyramid of Cheops, and resolved to direct their course thither. And they passed along the lengthy dam that leads up to the height, and arrived at the pyramid with tired horses. And they were astonished at the gigantic edifice; and Otto was mightily pleased that they had performed so bold an undertaking.

On going round the corner of the pyramid, Adelbert perceived an opening in the wall, and said to Otto—"The evening lowers already in the valley yonder, and the sun illumines only the highest summit of this great monument: therefore the night cannot be far off; and we may be long finding a friendly roof, here, amongst strangers. At all events we shall not find so noble a resting place as this: let us then pass the night here; I perceive an opening hard by, and if the night-dew should drive us under shelter, we can immediately descend." Otto was well pleased with this proposal, and readily assented to it. So they sent Leuthold down into the valley with

their horses, that they might find herbage; but they themselves remained at the foot of the pyramid; and, in case of necessity, they thought it more prudent to descend at once, while the sun lent his few last rays to light them. So they descended, and found four small passages, and one larger passage through the enormous mass of stone; and from the halls they entered into spacious chambers.

However, they laid themselves down in the first of them, to repose there till morning; and all was dark around, for the chambers received no light from without. Otto was soon wrapt in a deep sleep, but Adelbert was unquiet in spirit, and lay sleepless upon the floor. At length, finding that he could not close his eyes, he took his inseparable companion, his guitar, and softly moved the strings, so that the tones which he produced were scarcely audible. And by degrees the chamber became illuminated, and he beheld, around the walls, lofty niches, in which stood large stone coffins. And he touched the strings again, and there entered at the door a brown man, with a grey beard and a white mantle; and round his mantle he wore a broad girdle, marked with strange figures; and in his hand he carried a staff, with which he beckoned Adelbert to follow him. And he led him out through the smaller passages to the end of the large one. And he touched a large slab of stone with his

white wand; and it moved, like a door upon its hinges, and opened to them a concealed passage. Again the man beckoned with his staff, and Adelbert followed on. At length they descended a great many steps, where the passage turned, and then proceeded along even ground, and under vaulted roofs. And they ascended again a few steps, and passed on, through intricate passages, into a smaller hall, or chamber, where there were also niches in the wall; and in the niches stood stone coffins. And the man with the staff led the youth to the largest stone coffin in the middlemost niche, and touched the lid of it with his staff. Then the lid raised itself, and stood up on one side; and within the coffin lay the figure of a man, muffled up and decorated in a singular manner, and completely enveloped in a brown bark. And the brown man with his grey beard touched the figure with his staff; and the upper-part of the strangely-decorated bark loosened itself, and came off like a shell, and discovered a brown corpse lying within it. Then the old man said to Adelbert— "Wake him! wake him!" and pointed to his guitar.

And Adelbert had scarcely touched the strings, when the man arose out of the brown bark that had enclosed him, and the two brown men embraced and welcomed each other, but without speaking, and then retired into the corner of the hall, and whispered

together. And after they had conversed thus for a long time, they parted, and the one brown man laid himself down again in his brown covering, and it closed upon him, as did also the stone lid of the coffin. And the old man beckoned Adelbert again, and led him back to his sleeping companion. Then he drew out of his staff, as out of a case, a smaller, similar staff, and gave it to him saying—"Proceed up the river's bank, until thou comest to the place where it rushes down over the rocks; then throw down this little staff in the sand and follow it; it will lead thee." With that he left him, and with him vanished the bright light that had illumined their paths. And Adelbert laid himself down upon the floor, near his friend, and sleep soon weighed down his eyelids.

CHAP. VIII.

Old Leuthold had wandered two or three times round the immense, square monument, the following morning, in search of his master, and was heartily glad when he saw him issue from the opening in the wall: for he thought it must be unsafe and unhallowed sleeping in such a gigantic structure, that was evidently destined, not for the use of the living, but the

dead; otherwise, thought he, they would have permitted the daylight at least one entrance into its interior. "Though the light of day doth not shine within, dear Leathold," answered Adelbert, "a very serviceable light hath arisen to me, in the midst of the darkness of this tomb; and when the eye of the body is closed in darkness, the mind's eye is often so much the better disposed to receive light." "How do you mean, my noble master?" asked Leuthold, and Otto said "I dont understand you myself, my faithful comrade."

Then Adelbert related to them what had happened to him during the night, and how that he was quite sure now of finding out the Black Knight, and shewed them the little staff. And so they journeyed cheerfully on, first descending into the valley, and then following the stream. But the sun was exceedingly powerful, and Adelbert, fatigued with the expedition of the preceding day, and yet more by his nocturnal pilgrimage, sank down, exhausted, on the reedy bank of the Nile, under the shade of some palm trees; and Otto and Leuthold rested with him. And lo! suddenly there was a rustling amongst the rushes, and an immense crocodile sprang on the shore; and seizing Adelbert's guitar by its gold band, dragged it away. But Otto saw it, and quickly lifting up his lance, he thrust it through the pointed teeth of the

creature's gaping jaws, and far into his throat, so that he lay expiring upon the earth. And as Adelbert awoke with the noise, and saw the monster, he said, "Now I should almost call that a small dragon, and I thank thee heartily for destroying it: for independent of my own danger (and it might have devoured me) my guitar, which is of more importance to me than life itself, was well nigh gone, and but for your aid, would have been lost to me for ever."

"Yes, yes," answered Otto, rejoicing heartily, "strength of arm is a valuable gift of heaven, my noble friend, although it be not the brightest of all; and I am glad that the adventure hath befallen us: for till now, I have been vexed to find my services entirely useless, seeing that your magic guitar performs every thing itself, and better than I could do it; nay, I had begun to fear that I should be rather a burthen than a help to you, in your expedition."

"Not so," replied Adelbert; "be at ease on that score, for I shall need your arm, no doubt, a good deal more, when we are on the spot."

"I wish it may be so," returned Otto, "for I would fain do a good deal to rescue the pale cheeked maiden from the Black Sorcerer."

And they journeyed up the Nile, treading upon the fallen glories of many a palace, and the sunken splendour of many a noble temple, and traversing

the site of many a city, now forgotten. And they often saw the crocodiles darting out of the long rushes; but Otto destroyed them every one, with great dexterity; or, when a hippopotamus came forth against them, it either followed them some distance along the river, tamed and attracted by the music of the guitar, or Otto's lance displayed on it its dreadful power.

And so they arrived at length at the place where the Nile, spreading to a great width, rushes suddenly down a steep declivity, so that the thunder of the falling waters may be heard at the distance of an hour's journey. And when they had long witnessed and wondered at the frightful fall of the mighty river, and turned away to pursue their journey, Adelbert threw the little white staff which the brown man in the pyramid had given him, down into the sand before him. And it no sooner lay on the earth than it put itself in motion, and became a white serpent, that darted before them towards the west; and they followed it. And the snake led them for several days through sands and heaths, where often they scarcely found sufficient to support life.

And one evening they arrived with jaded horses, and their own strength, also, utterly exhausted, at the foot of a hill, that they had had in view all day long as they traversed the burning sands and barren deserts,

and which they had most ardently longed to reach, because it seemed to promise them a spring of water. But there no rivulet murmured over the green meadow; no spring dashed its sparkling treasures down the hollowed rocks, as they had fondly dreamed, when, faint, and parched with thirst, they first discerned the outline of the hill in the white, glowing horizon: for it was but a mound of fruitless sand.

Then the travellers threw themselves down, dispirited, beside their horses, which lay stretched upon the hot sand, languishing with thirst. But the snake frisked about in a playful manner. And Otto observed it with an envious eye, and said—"Is it not truly provoking, when one lies stretched upon the earth with scarcely power to move, to see another little creature frisking and jumping about, and wasting its superfluous strength, in derision as it were?"

"No, it only gives me pleasure," answered Adelbert, and he continued attentively to watch the creature's gambols. "Prythee sing," said Leuthold. "Would you have me waste my small remnant of physical power by singing?"—"What is well used is not wasted," replied Leuthold. And Adelbert took his guitar, and sang the following lines:—

God form'd thee first,
Thou barren land,
Man's life to cherish:—
Then let us not perish,
In anguish of thirst,
On the parching sand!

And he laid his guitar aside again, and said "My tongue cleaves to the roof of my mouth: I cannot sing." Then Otto said, with a faint voice—"Do but look at the snake!" And the snake had raised itself up, during the song, and listened with great attention; and now it shot away, like an arrow, up the sand-hill. "It would guide us truly, perhaps," answered Adelbert, "if we had but strength to follow." And they had scarcely agreed to stay, when the snake returned, darting down the hill, and bearing between its teeth a fresh, juicy fruit, a species of date, which it dropped, and shot away again. And Adelbert divided the fresh date, and gave a part of it to Otto, and a part of it to his faithful old domestic; but he would not accept the refreshment before his master. However, the snake brought them another fruit, and darted away again; and thus it did, until they were all refreshed, and able to stand. Then Adelbert said to his friend, Otto—"Well now, is the sprightliness and strength of the little creature still a thorn in your eye?"

"Say no more," said Otto, "I see that I was foolish and wicked."

And now they followed their little frisky guide up the hill; and when they reached the top, they were overjoyed, for below them lay a smiling valley, studded with date trees, and dissected by a silvery stream. They hastened down, and Otto got water out of the rivulet in his helmet, and carried it over the hill again, and refreshed the horses. Then they led their beasts with them, and let them feed on the green grass; and the noble creatures speedily recovered their wonted sprightliness.

CHAP. IX.

And when they had journeyed some days along the green valley, following the silvery stream, they came one morning to a rocky hill. And the little snake stopt suddenly before a cave, that was secured by a golden door. Then Adelbert thought of the golden key which his sister had thrown down to him from the winged horse, in the garden of the king's palace; and he drew out the key, and opened the golden door. There was a wide passage through the rock, and on the other side the sun shone in

again. And Adelbert rode in, and was followed by Otto and Leuthold; and the door closed behind them with a tremendous noise; when on a sudden there sprang out upon them a large lion, and impeded the way. But Adelbert quickly took his guitar, and sang:—

Brute monarch of the wild!
The false enchanter leave:
'Tis thy duty to deceive
Him who *thee* first beguiled.
Then, from thy galling chains
We will free thee for thy pains.
King Lion! follow, follow my guitar!
Serve us but this day,
Then free shalt thou stray
Through thy wild haunts, where'er they are.

Scarcely had he done singing, when the royal brute came leaping towards him, wagging his tufted tail, and jumped up to caress him, like a faithful dog, greeting and welcoming his master. Then Otto cried in a half angry tone, "If you settle every thing in that peaceable way, I shall still be useless. Pray keep your word, and let me perform my part, as you promised." And as they rode out of the tunnel, Adelbert answered—"Methinks we shall all find work enough here, so prythee dont complain so soon." And they found themselves in a spacious,

circular place, enclosed with massive, upright rocks; and in the centre stood enormous masses of rock, artfully put together in wonderful forms. And that was the castle of the wizard knight. And the knight had heard the violent slamming of the golden door, and he stood upon the top of his rocky castle, and uttered some few words, in a strange accent, and a small portion of the rock in front disengaged itself, and opened a passage. And out of the passage rushed six knights in black armour, mounted on black horses; and from their helmets waved flaming plumes, like those of their master. Then Adelbert struck the strings of his guitar; but the horsemen appeared not to hear the tones, and rushed upon Otto, whom they considered their most dangerous opponent. Now was the opportunity for Otto the Great to prove the strength of his arm and his spear, and the fidelity of his broad sabre. And the gallant knight acquitted himself manfully, for five of his furious antagonists fell beneath his lusty blows. And the sixth would have succumbed also, but he had ridden at Adelbert, and would certainly have thrust his spear through him, as he was without either shield or coat-of-mail, had not old Leuthold verified the prediction that Adelbert sang to him, while he lay asleep in his father's hall:—

Up then! and boldly with him flee,
Or he will no more return to thee.

Adelbert would certainly never have returned: but old Leuthold sprang forward, and struck the black knight's spear aside with his sword, and charged upon him, and hewed him down with his sharp sabre, so that he fell dead upon the earth.

Then was the magician enraged; and he stamped with his foot upon his rocky castle, and another door sprang open, and out rushed two leopards, with furious leaps. But Adelbert sang to them, and they turned from him, yet watching him and his companions with a wary eye, as if they waited but till he should have done, to fall upon them with their claws. And when Adelbert saw that, he quickly changed the burthen of his song, and sang to the lion:—

Be faithful, be firm,
Thou royal brute!
And the fire-eyed leopard is crush'd like a worm,
Under thy giant foot.

And the lion rushed forward and attacked the two leopards; but the two together were too much for the lion, and they mastered him. Then Otto rode up and slew one of them with his spear; the other the lion conquered, and tore him in pieces with his sharp talons.

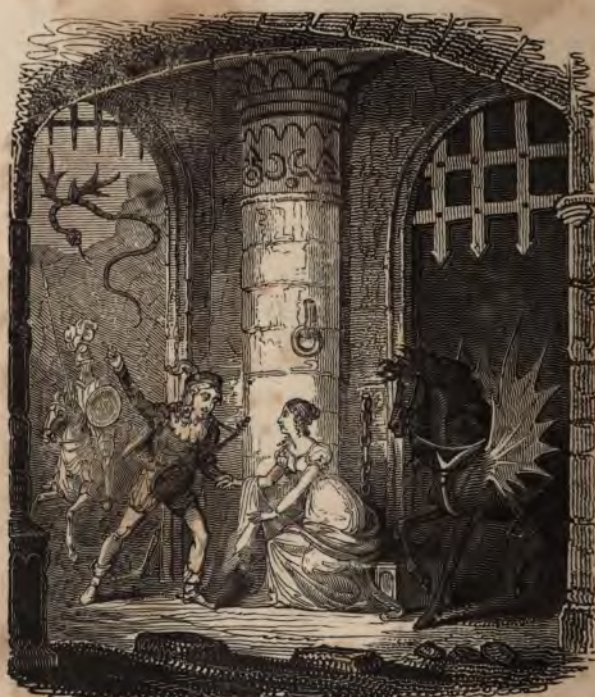
Seeing this, the magician became yet more infuriated, and tore out a handful of his hair, and threw it down. And the hairs turned into venemous serpents, and the serpents curled themselves round, and raised their heads in the air, and darted down upon them. And the horses flinched before them; while Leuthold and Otto had lowered their vizors, and were secured by their helmets and their armour, from the bites of the venemous beasts. But Adelbert was exposed to them. However, he struck the golden strings, and all the serpents that touched him fell down dead. And many fell to the earth in pieces, hacked by the trusty blades wielded by his two companions. Then the magician saw that these means were all ineffectual, and resolved to try his last, crying out to them, "I know very well what you would have.—Ye want Rosablanka, the pale maiden, do ye?—But I will bar the entrance to my rocky fastness in such a manner, that not one of you shall dare to approach her. Why should I longer fight against you, when I have other means of protection?"

And with that he ran quickly round in a circle, and held out a long staff, describing with it a wider circle, and tore the flame-colored plumes from his helmet, and strewed them about. And the flames blazed up around the rocks, and formed a fence of fire.

"Ho, Ho," cried Adelbert, "is that a hedge like the one which Siegfried rode through? Then one may try how it is when one is not all horn, as he was; something else must help me out with it." Then, turning to Otto, he said, "Stop, my friend! I will fetch thee now thy bride, like Siegfried!" And thereupon he touched the cords, and gave his white steed the spur, and plunged into the flames singing all the while:—

Flames! flicker yet higher!
  Twine, hissing, together;
Flash fiercelier fire!
  Thy storm I can weather;
  And onward, however the flame gusts blow,
  I and my gallant white steed will go.
My sister sigheth behind your wall,
But soon I will win her from charmed thrall;
Come pale maiden, if fair us fall,
  Thy cheek shall warmlier glow.
No more shalt thou start from a sleepless bed
  To ride forth by night.
My silver-hair'd barb shall glow as red
  As eve's last light.
Ho, flicker ye flames as ye will, I defy ye;
Look fierce as ye may, I will rush in by ye.

His horse flinched not before the flames, but darted through, and his companions heard the last words of his song from within.



R. Cruik. Del. Black Guitar, p. 59. *Bonner, Sc.*

And Otto and Leuthold would fain have followed him, but their horses reared, and although they spurred them ever so, they shyed at the flames, and tossed their heads in the air, and fell backwards on their haunches.

But Adelbert had penetrated quite through the flames, and the enchantment was broken at once. The flames were extinguished in one instant; the magician fled shyly through the air, in the form of a winged serpent, and bent his course across the immense desert of Sahara; the castle of rock rent, and Rosablanka was seen sitting under the shade of a palm tree, with the winged steed standing beside her, trembling at every joint. And Rosablanka rose and went to meet her deliverer, and greeted her brother with tears of joy; and she greeted Otto courteously, and thanked him heartily, and the faithful old Leuthold, also, who could not contain himself for joy, but wept and laughed both together.

CHAP. X.

THEIR return home from the African desert was quicker than their journey thither. Adelbert gave his gentle sister, Rosablanka, his own little white steed, and mounted, himself, in spite of Leuthold's anxious

warning, upon the magician's black winged horse, which from day to day lost more and more of his terrific appearance, and put on a majestic look that he seemed to have lost by constant misusage, under his old master.

And they arrived in Otto's country, and entered the city where Adelbert and Leuthold had slain the dragon and her young. Then the people came in crowds to Adelbert, and hailed him as their deliverer. And the elders and nobles of the people came and brought him the king's crown, for he had died in the interim and bequeathed his kingdom to Adelbert. But Adelbert said, "Repair with me to my home first; then I will attend to your request, but I have other cares upon me now." And they repaired with him to his home.

And one day the castle-road of the *Finsterburg* resounded with horses' hoofs, and there was a loud knocking at the gates of the castle. And the gloomy knight cried out with a joyful emotion—"Down, my fellows, and throw open the gates! Either death will enter, and put an end to my wretched existence, or some joyful tidings await me."

And the servants returned, and called him down into the court-yard. And the knight descended the spiral stair, supported by his servants, and went out

into the court. And Adelbert had already caused an entrance to be broken in the lofty wall, at the place where his mother's grave was; and the domestics bore the tottering father through the opening. And Rosablanka had knelt down by her mother's grave, and Adelbert knelt on the other side, and they both prayed. Then their father, Arbogast, when he entered and beheld them, shrunk back and cried—"Oh! the scene of my secret guilt! Here it was that I murdered your mother! Rosablanka! Adelbert! Forgive me, my children!"

"Forgiveness! oh father!" cried both of them at once, and fell into his arms. "Heaven has made all good again!" said Adelbert. "Heaven is merciful," said Leuthold, "and the spot of blood has vanished from my Adelbert's brow."

Then Adelbert took his good friend Otto by the hand, and led him to his father, for he had been standing aloof from them, and said—"Father, if you will give your Rosablanka to an honorable man for a housewife, give her to my friend." And Arbogast laid Rosablanka's hand in the hand of the noble knight, and said "Heaven bless you!"

And Adelbert beckoned now to the nobles and great officers of state who had followed him with the old king's crown, and pointed to his faithful comrade and his loved sister and said—"Behold your king

and your queen!" And he took the crown from them, and placed it upon Otto's head. And his subjects bent the knee before Otto the Great and his queen, and cried "Hail to our king! Hail to our queen! Hail to ye!"

Then said Arbogast with a faint voice, "Well did I know, when you knocked at the gate, that either death was coming to me, or some joyful tidings. And now I think both are come together: the joyful news you brought yourself, and death is even coming. Adelbert, sing me a song of sleep and death."

And Adelbert touched the golden strings of the Black Guitar with a gentle hand; and the tones which he elicited were soft and soothing, and now sorrowful, and now more joyous, as if he would inspire his father's breast with hope. And he sang the following lines with much expression.

One who tarrieth not there comes,
    A messenger out of breath;
And men are not safe in their strongest homes
    Against his coming,—'tis Death.
Here summons he wildly,
There beckons he mildly;
And where he summons, or where he beckons,
One victim more in his clutch he reckons.
Him hurls he to realms of unnumber'd pains,
Him wafts over Eden's amaranth plains.

Thou hast done penance; absolved art thou:
(It is well when hope lingers on life's lorn bough)
Thou hast faith in His mercy who died on the tree,
And His pardon and grace are extended to thee.

And with the last accents of his voice, his father's soul was wafted into Paradise.

And they buried him, he and his friend Otto, near the grave of his faithful consort, the Lady Gertrude.

And afterwards, Otto repaired to his kingdom, taking with him the pale Rosablanka as his royal bride; and it happened to her even as Adelbert had sung: the white rose upon her cheek blushed soon again with the redness of the sister flower.

And at the *Finsterburg* Adelbert founded a monastery, that was inhabited by pious monks, who prayed for the salvation of his father's soul, and of his mother's.

And old Leuthold entered the cloister and prayed with them, until his end was come. And no spectre wandered any more over the graves; and Lady Gertrude rested in peace, beneath the mossy hillock.

And when Adelbert had endowed the monastery, and arranged all things as he would have them, he mounted upon his winged steed and took his guitar in his hand, and played a joyful tune, and sang to it the following words:—

All that's earthly hath come to pass,
Nought further holds me here below;
So farewell, vain world! alas!
What canst thou on me bestow?
Above, above, my wishes tend;—
Lord let my panting soul ascend,
Yonder where countless stars arise
In the brilliant sphere of the pathless skies.

And when he had finished his hymn, his horse ascended with him into the air, and vanished in boundless space.

Many there are who pretend that the winged horse descended again, and that many a noble minstrel has been borne through the air by him; and that it happens still at times. Others there are who maintain that the Black Guitar was found again.—Believe it who will! One may ride upon a flying horse, and another may play upon a black guitar, but be assured, it is neither the *right* winged steed, nor the *right* guitar. The youthful minstrel took them both up with him; and he rides yet from star to star upon the horse, and plays yet upon the wonderful guitar. And whenever anybody hears or sees him in his dreams, the fool, when he awakes, believes it was himself; and that he has performed the blissful journey through the starry heavens upon the flying steed:

that it was he who drew forth the seraphic tones from the vibrating golden cords.

But we know better:—for we know that it was our Adelbert, and no other; and that the songs which the dreamer, waking, yet imitates, are but the faint returning echoes of the songs and tones wafted down to him from heaven, in his blissful dreams.

THE TWO FOUNDLINGS OF THE SPRING;

OR,

THE HISTORY OF BRUNNENHOLD & BRUNNENSTARK.

THE

TWO FOUNDLINGS

OF THE

SPRING.

CHAPTER I.

THERE lived once, in a far, far country, a great king, whose queen lay upon her death bed; and the king and his daughter, Armina, were with her night and day, and nursed her with tender solicitude. And when she was near her end, her daughter having one day left the chamber, she beckoned her husband to her bed-side and said to him—"Dear lord and husband! I feel that my end is fast approaching; death gnaws at my heart, and but a little while, and my heart will break, and my eyes be fixed in death. Now, before I die, I have one great request to ask of you, which I know you will not deny me." And the king said, "Oh, do but speak, dearest wife, and though it cost me my kingdom, I will fulfil your last wish with fidelity." Then the dying queen raised

herself up once more, with her last strength, and grasping both her husband's hands in both her's, said—"Behold! I know that you have prized me beyond all things in the world for the sake of my beauty; and that you have often called me the fairest pearl in your crown. I remind you not of this from vanity, for that certainly passeth away when one foot is already in the grave. No! I would only bring to your mind, how often you have accounted yourself happy in your fair and virtuous wife. Now, I would fain know you to be as happy after my death, as you have been in my life time; therefore, I entreat and conjure you, when I am brought to the grave, and the mourning is over, let my likeness be painted a hundred times, and send it all over your kingdom, until you shall find a maiden perfectly resembling me in personal beauty. And she who perfectly resembles me in personal beauty, will be my equal also in virtue, and in love for you; so that you will live happily with her, as you have lived happily with me. And when you have found such a maiden, set your crown upon her head, and take her, in place of me, for your queen and wedded wife, that she may comfort and console you, as I have done, by sharing your griefs, and the cares of your kingdom, and enliven your heavy hours with her cheerful converse."

During this discourse the tears ran down the good king's cheeks, and he said with great emotion—"Oh my beloved wife, what dost thou require of me? how can I forget thee and espouse another — for where shall I find a soul like thine, so gentle and so good?" "But thou shalt not forget me, my husband! and wilt not," said the queen affected. "In your future wife you shall still love and honor me: for, if she be like me in love for you, she will resemble me also in those qualities which you ascribe to me; and if she resemble me in these, she will be the same to thee as I, and I shall live to thee in her, although I be dead. Oh promise me to fulfil my request! Behold, I am growing weaker every hour,—let me take this consolation with me into the grave."

With these words she sank down upon her pillow, quite exhausted. And the king promised her, in a voice almost stifled with sobs, to fulfil her desire. "Thanks, thanks!" she exclaimed, "now I am at ease!" And she lingered a few days longer, and then she blessed her daughter, and died.

And when she was dead, the king caused her to be buried with great pomp, and erected to her memory a costly monument of white and black marble, over her grave, in the garden of his palace; and he put on mourning for a long, long while, and often sat all night upon the tomb, and wept.

And so several years passed in unbroken sorrow. And Armina, the king's daughter, grew to womanhood, and became the very image of her mother in beauty and in virtue. Yet the king's grief did not diminish, but preyed upon his health, so that his cheeks grew pale, his strength declined, and his body wasted away.

And this caused great uneasiness to his courtiers and his nobles; for they said among themselves, "Our king is a good king, and loves his country, and administers justice to his people with an even hand; therefore, it is not good that he should wear himself out with grief, and give way continually to such deep sorrow as must soon bring him to the grave. Then our country would be desolate and forlorn, for he has not even a son to reign after him; and the neighbouring kings and princes would fight for the sovereignty, and for the hand of the fair princess Armina; and at length, our happy land would be laid waste with the ravages of war, and perhaps fall to the lot of a strange king, who would think only of fame and conquest, and have no care for the happiness of his subjects."

Then the nobles agreed among themselves, and went to the king, and represented the matter to him, entreating him no longer to grieve and afflict himself after that manner, but to endeavour to dispel his

sorrow, and to preserve his health and his life for his country's sake, which was so happy under his reign, and which seemed threatened with disasters if it should lose him. They entreated him also to give the country another queen, whose agreeable conversation might restore his lost peace, and who perhaps might become the mother of a prince, who would one day govern his people as justly and happily as he had done. But for a long time the king would give no ear to these proposals; and the nobles besought him the more every day, and persuaded him that it was his duty to be careful of himself, and his country's weal; till, at last, he became weary of their importunities, and said to them—"Well then, I will fulfil your desire and the wish of my good subjects. But I promised my deceased queen, upon her death-bed, that I would espouse none but a maiden perfectly resembling her in personal beauty. Now if we must keep our faith with the living, we must keep it yet more strictly with the dead. Take, therefore, the queen's likeness, and let it be copied a hundred times, and send it about, all over the kingdom. And if ye find a maiden that perfectly resembles the portrait, she shall become your queen, even though she be a beggar's daughter." But the king thought to himself, they might seek a long while before they found maiden perfectly like her.

And so it happened. The nobles and courtiers took the queen's portrait, and had it copied a hundred and two hundred times, and sent it all over the country, to all the princes and counts of the kingdom, to see if any one of their daughters was like it. But the messengers returned from all parts, and had not found what they were sent to seek.

The king rejoiced at this. But the courtiers and the nobles met together again, and took counsel, and caused the likeness to be copied two, and three hundred times, and dispatched it to all the knights and barons in the land, to see whether any one of their daughters was exactly like the portrait. But the messengers and servants returned again from all quarters, and had not brought with them that which they had been sent for.

And the king rejoiced again. But his courtiers and nobles met together, and took counsel together again. And then they caused the portrait to be copied many thousand times, and sent it into all the towns and villages in the kingdom, and had it exposed publicly in all the squares and market places, and carried about the streets; and they caused it to be cried aloud in the towns and villages, that the maiden who should be found to resemble the queen's portrait, should come forward and be made queen.

Thus they went through all the cities and towns of the kingdom, and made enquiries at all mills, and cottages, and returned home, and had not found the fac-simile of the portrait.

Then the king was very glad, and thought to himself, that the nobles and courtiers would now leave him at rest. But however, they met and consulted once more. And now they sent the likeness into all the neighbouring countries, and caused the maiden to be sought there, also, in all cities, and towns, and villages. But the messengers returned from all parts, and brought word that the maiden whom they sought was not to be found anywhere.

In the mean while, several years had flown away, and the king's grief was by that time somewhat diminished. Then his nobles and courtiers appeared before him again one day, and asked him if he would now fulfil his promise, provided they should name a maiden, who was the exact resemblance of the portrait. Then the king took a solemn oath that he would keep his promise; and if he did not fulfil it, in every point, they should banish him from his throne. Then said the nobles, "Well, we have now the king's word and our country will soon be blest with a queen, for Armina is the exact resemblance of her deceased mother." Then the king was struck with horror, and it fell heavily upon his heart that he had so rashly

made an oath; and he represented to them, that it would be a sin against man and heaven, such as was never heard of in the world, if a father should take his own daughter to wife; and that, though he was a king, he durst not do, what no man hath yet done since the world began. But the courtiers and nobles persisted that he had sworn to keep his promise, in every point, and that he durst not break his oath: therefore it must be so. Then the king denied that Armina was the exact resemblance of her mother; but they insisted upon it, and collected together all the painters in the kingdom, to decide whether they were right or no. And the painters came far and near, and compared the beauty of Armina with the mother's portrait; and all agreed that she bore the most perfect resemblance to the portrait, so that it might justly be given out for the daughter's likeness: for one drop of water was not more like another, than was Armina to her mother's portrait.

But the king denied it again, and said, they could not be judges in their own cause; for they were children of the land, and wished, in common with all his subjects, that he might give them another queen, and therefore they spake untruly; and he insisted that judges should be brought from a foreign country, that they might be impartial. And the king wrote himself to all the kings and princes, his neighbours,

and they sent him their most skilful painters. So there was a large assemblage of foreign artists. But all were unanimous in the decision, that no better likeness could possibly be painted, than the queen's portrait presented of her daughter Armina.

This was a severe blow to the king, for he had no longer any excuse, but must fulfil his vow. And when Armina heard that, she went to her faithful old nurse, and asked her for her advice. And she advised her what to do.

And the following morning, when her father came to her, accompanied by the nobles of his court, to present her with the bridal gift of rich stuffs and precious jewels, she said to them—"Not so, dear father!—not so! ye courtiers and nobles! These presents are very costly, it is true, but I desire nothing of all these pearls and precious stones; nothing of all these embroidered silks and velvets; it beseems the king's bride to receive other bridal gifts, than these ye offer. I have conceived three wishes in my heart;—if you fulfil these, I will immediately become your queen; but if ye fulfil them not every one, I swear to you here, that I will never, either now, or after my father's death, become queen of this land."

And when she had thus spoken, her father rejoiced and was glad, for he hoped she would name three

wishes, which it was not in the power of mortals to fulfil; and he readily consented that she should name the first wish. Then she required that they should make her a robe of pure gold, which must glitter like the sun, and be as light as if it were of gauze. And the king was glad at heart; for he hoped that no man would be able to perform that which she desired. But the nobles and courtiers sent abroad into all foreign countries, after the most skilful artificers, and collected them all together, and promised a hundred pounds of gold to whomsoever should produce the robe within a month. The greater part of them, however, denied that such a robe could be wrought at all by mortal hands, and only three of them advanced; but they demanded a whole year, because the work was so difficult. At last one of the oldest of them came forward, and promised to deliver the robe by the next full-moon. Then the other artists retired saying, "We are not gifted with magic power, nor are we in compact with fairies and elves, that we should undertake to perform an impossibility, as you have done." And they all went away.

But however, the following day, as the full-moon was about to rise behind the trees in the king's garden, the artificer appeared with the golden robe, glittering like the sun. But all who beheld it, thought it must weigh heavier than a hundred weight.

And as he produced it before the king and his court, he desired that the scales might be brought; and he laid the robe in one of the scales, and in the other scale he requested the Princess Armina to place the pip of a Seville orange.—And lo! the orange-pip drew the scale in which it lay far, far down; and the scale that held the robe mounted high, as if there was nothing in it. And upon this the courtiers and nobles were astonished, and very joyful; and they overloaded the artist with praises and honors, and caused a hundred pounds of gold to be weighed out to him, from the royal treasury. But Armina and the king turned pale with affright and terror when they saw that the wish was accomplished, which the king's daughter had named because it appeared to her quite impracticable.

On the following day Armina was to declare her second wish. So she went in the evening to consult with her faithful nurse, in her private, little chamber. And when she was asked in the morning, before her father and his court, to name the second wish, she demanded a picture no larger than the smallest coin of the realm, representing her father's castle and her father himself looking out of one of the windows; and yet the whole must be distinct and intelligible, and her father's features, in particular, perfectly delineated.

To execute so correct and so exceedingly delicate a picture, was held by all to be utterly impossible; but however, the nobles of the court sent again, and gathered together all the skilful artists out of all countries and kingdoms, far and near, and promised two hundred pounds of gold to whomsoever should produce the required picture within a month.

Then two of the youngest of the artists came forward and promised to perform the task, if they were allowed a year to do it in. At length, however, the younger of the two said he would undertake to produce the picture by the next full-moon.

And when the day was come on which the moon was at the full, he appeared before the king and his nobles, and produced his picture. And behold! it was in a box no larger than the smallest piece of money coined in the realm; and when he had opened this, the picture was seen inside of it: but it was so small that it was necessary to examine it with a microscope, in order to distinguish all its parts. And all who beheld it were astonished, for the king's portrait was there so small that it was but a little dot; but when they examined it with the microscope they plainly recognized the king's features, and could even distinguish the three sun-freckles upon his nose.

Thereupon the nobles and courtiers rejoiced again, and now hoped, confidently, that they should be able to accomplish Armina's third wish also. Therefore they shewed the young artist all honor, as they had done to the old one, and gave him not only the two hundred pounds of gold which they had promised him, but made him moreover a handsome present out of the king's treasures.

But the king was again sorrowful and in despair, for he had not believed it possible that this second wish could be accomplished. And Armina was yet more sorrowful and cast down; and when it was evening she went again to consult the good old nurse. And as they requested, the following morning, to know her third wish, she desired to have a little ship, made of wrought silver and ornamented with gold; the ship to be made in the form of a flying dragon; to be furnished with stores and provisions for thirty-years; and to possess the property of transporting instantaneously, through the air, whoever sat in it, to wherever he listed.

Then the courtiers and nobles sent again for all the skilful artificers, and all the magicians that could be found, and promised three hundred pounds of gold to any one who should produce such a ship within a month. And the artificers said, that if they had gold and silver enough, they could build such a ship;

but to furnish it with provisions for so long a time, or to impart to it the power of flying through the air whithersoever one listed, was beyond the art of man, and they could not accomplish it. Then two magicians stepped forth and said, that if the artists would make them the ship, they would, in one moment, endow it with the faculty of moving freely in the air, to the most distant part, according to Armina's wish, and would also furnish it with thirty-years provisions.

And when the nobles and courtiers heard that, they caused the artists to commence their work immediately, and gave them, out of the king's treasury, all the gold and silver that were required; and they made all the artificers help. And lo! before the third morning broke, the magicians had pronounced their charms over the silver ship in the form of a flying dragon; and that very day it was brought to the king and the Princess Armina. And the courtiers and grandees said, that her three wishes being now all fulfilled, she must no longer delay, and they insisted upon the immediate celebration of the nuptials. Then the king found no excuse, and sorrowfully gave directions to prepare for the festival.

But Armina stood up, and said—"Let alone the preparations for the festival,—for though I see before me the dragon-ship, I doubt yet of its power to move

itself through the air, according to my orders; therefore it is necessary that I first make trial of it." The father found this but reasonable, as did also the courtiers and nobles. Then Armina went in doors, and put on her golden robe, shining like the sun, and took the little picture of her father's castle, and wept bitterly in all the appartments; and went and called her old nurse, and wept again upon her father's neck, and took leave of him, as if she were going to part from him for ever. And when the nobles saw this, they murmered and said—"What means this? it appears as if she were taking leave of her father for ever!" This the Princess Armina overheard, and she turned to them saying—"Why are you murmering among yourselves that I thus take leave of my father? is it not true that I am about to leave him for ever? —for if the ship prove perfect, as they say, I have no longer a father:—I shall come back and find in him a husband!" When she said this to them they were pacified, and she threw her arms once more round her father, and wept, and pressed him to her heart, and kissed him. And then she entered, with her nurse, into the wonderful ship, and wished herself far, far away, upon some peaceful island in the ocean. Then the dragon-ship instantly raised itself high in the air, and darted away like an arrow; and before they could look up, it was out of sight.

But the king, and the nobles of his court, and the people, remained standing there, and waited and waited from hour to hour, expecting every moment that it would return. But it came not. And they waited from noon until evening, and from evening till night, and midnight; but Armina returned not in the magic ship. And they hoped till morning, and again till evening, and till morning again,—but in vain were all their hopes.

Then the king threw his crown upon the earth, and stamped upon it with his feet, and tore his hair and cried—"Oh that I had never been a king, and then I should have had yet a daughter. But I am rightly served, for I have suffered myself to be led away and tempted to sin against heaven. My daughter has done right to make her escape and leave me." And with that he went away and shut himself up in his inmost chamber, and grieved and sorrowed, till in a few weeks, he died. And the neighbouring princes divided his kingdom amongst them, and lived on as before.

CHAP. II.

Now Armina and her nurse had been transported in the dragon-ship to a peaceful, happy island; and they lived there some months in deep mourning,

because she had been compelled to desert her beloved parent, and to quit her cherished fatherland, and her beautiful gardens, and her fragrant flowers, and her gentle doves, and her snow-white lambs, which she had hitherto tended and fed every day with her own hand. And her nurse often went to her and spake consolation to her heart; but her heart knew no cessation of its griefs. Then the nurse proposed to her that they should repair again on board the dragon ship, and visit first one place, and then another, and so see all nations, and all parts of the world.

And the princess was content; and they got into the ship, and wished themselves now here, now there, and visited the countries and cities in the east, the south, and the west, and even the frigid regions of the north. In this manner they travelled about for many years, and got accustomed to find themselves every week in a fresh place. And Armina gradually forgot her griefs, and her father's death; for she had soon heard that he had died. And as she now thought that she must be quite forgotten in her native country, she wished herself there once again, on her favorite spot in the garden of the castle;—and she was instantly carried thither in the magic ship. And she looked round about the garden, and rejoiced to find that all remained the same as formerly. And as she came to the rocky spring where she used to wash her

lambs, lo! there lay in the fresh grass that bordered the rivulet, two beautiful little naked children; and they turned their clear, sparkling eyes upon her, and stretched out their little arms towards her. And Armina said to her nurse; "Come and see the two lovely little infants that are lying here in the grass—I will take them to myself and be a mother to them." But the nurse said—"By no means my princess!—would you plunge the poor mother in grief? perhaps she laid them here herself, and intends to come presently, and fetch them away." "No!" said Armina, "see how they smile upon me with their little eyes, as if they would say—"We are helpless! take compassion on us." Then the nurse answered—"If you think so, let us wait here awhile at the well, to see if their mother comes or not. Let us remain till the sun goes down, for so long no mother would leave her child alone and exposed in this way."

And they concealed themselves behind the trees, and watched if any body came to take away the infants. But the evening lowered and nobody had come. So they approached the well, and Armina took up the smiling little cherubs in her arms, and got into the ship with them, and the nurse followed, and they wished themselves away again upon their peaceful little island in the ocean; and they resolved to remain there a little while, until the infants should

have acquired strength to bear the constant change of climate. And Armina nursed them as a mother, and took great care of them.

And one day the nurse came to her and said—"You have had the children already several months, and have not yet given them any names; what do you mean to call them?" Then the princess reflected a moment, and answered, "True, they must each have a name, that we may call them when they grow older, and begin to run about; so uncover them that we may christen them." And the nurse drew away the covering that was stretched over their little bed. And Armina said—"They shall both take their names from the water, because I found them at the spring. This one with blue eyes and hair shall be called Brunnenhold, because he is more gentle and friendly than the other; and he with dark eyes and curly, brown locks, we will call Brunnenstark, because he is stronger than Brunnenhold." And from that day they called the two urchins Brunnenhold and Brunnenstark, each according as Armina had said.

And the two children grew up in cheerfulness and innocence, and played and toyed away many an hour with their mother, Armina; and Armina watched over them with maternal solicitude and affection. And as they grew bigger, their mother and their mother's nurse carried them about, and stopped here and

stopped there, sometimes a long time, sometimes a shorter time, and always according to their pleasure.

And the time flew rapidly over, and Brunnenhold and Brunnenstark had reached their twelfth year. Then Armina consulted, one day, with the old nurse, and said to her—"My boys are now more than twelve years old, and it is time to take them somewhere where they may learn a business to support themselves by-and-by. What business, think you, should I let them learn?" Then the nurse answered—"It is a happy thing that you think of this yourself; I feared you would not be able to part from your dear children." "Indeed can I part with them!" said Armina, "I could even part from my dear father! What must be, must not be neglected, however dear it cost. The boys cannot live as I live, for my little ship is furnished with but thirty years' provisions, and the half of that time must be expired. Besides, what advantage would it be to them to live idly a few years longer, and then on a sudden to find themselves without a subsistence, or the means of earning one. It is therefore necessary that we part. But tell me what profession shall I bring them up to?" "Let them choose for themselves," said the nurse, "we are near a populous town here, and to-day there is to be a grand fête, and people come from all parts to be present at it. Let me go too, with the boys, that I

may lead them among the people, and they may then make choice of a profession." And Armina approved of the nurse's plan, and she embraced her boys, Brunnenhold and Brunnenstark, and suffered them to go with the old woman, and mingle with the world.

Then the nurse led them to the gate of a large temple, and said to them—"Observe the people as they come out, and shew me him who pleases you most."

And the boys rejoiced at the thought of going to live among men, instead of being always with their mother and the nurse; their faces glowed with delight, and they were impatient till the people came out. And when the ceremonies were over in the temple, and the people came out, they observed them all one by one, but shook their heads at all of them: for not one pleased them, of all that came out of the temple.

And the last of them had passed, and the nurse had asked a hundred times if such a one had pleased them, or such another; and not one had passed whose appearance pleased the boys. And just as the nurse was going to take them away, scolding, there passed one more person out of the temple; and it was a man in a green dress, with a short sword by his side.

Then both the boys cried out at once—"There! that is the man; let us go with him! He pleases us most of all we have seen to day, and if a thousand

more were to come, none would please us so well as this man."

And the nurse was glad of this, and she led the boys to the man, and said to him—"Behold, good sir, I am sent by my lady to ask if you will consent to take her two sons unto you, whom you see before you, and instruct them in every thing that is good, and teach them the profession that you follow. They have taken a liking to you, and will therefore obey you in every thing, and give you great joy."

And the boys looked confidently in the face of the man in green, and said—"Yes, do take us with you, green man! We will be obedient to you in every thing." "And my mistress will repay your care with princely munificence," added the nurse. But the man in green looked at her askance, and said, half indignant, "What! do I look like one who asks immediately for his reward? There is time enough to talk of that. If I dont do a thing for my own sake, depend upon it, I do it not for any reward, however princely." Thereupon he turned to the boys, and smiled, and looked kindly on them, and reached out his hands to them, saying—"Come along then, my little fellows, I'll take you with me. I am a man who follows the chase in the green forest, and a forester must have good courage, as you appear to have; therefore, welcome shall ye be. I have no children,

often as I have wished to have some, and my wife too. Behold, now I have two at once, and exactly such as I have wished for." Then he turned to the nurse, and said—"Go now to your mistress, and tell her that I will undertake to bring up her boys well—I will treat them as if they were my own. And I am an old fellow myself; so if I die they shall be my heirs, and divide my property between them. But I hope to live long enough yet to make them a couple of stout foresters."

And so they separated: the boys went along with the forester, and the nurse returned to her mistress, and related how the matter was settled. Then they seated themselves again in their dragon-ship, and wished themselves now here, now there; and resolved to return in a few years, to look after Brunnenhold and Brunnenstark.

And the boys were happy with the forester, and very obedient to all his wishes; and they assisted him in the forest, and in the wood, caring neither for rain nor storm, and slayed beasts, and hunted wild animals; and they planted and dug in the garden, and assisted the good old wife, between whiles, in her domestic affairs, and thus so effectually gained the hearts of the old couple, that they loved them even more than some parents love their children.

Thus things went on for four full years. And by that time, Brunnenhold and Brunnenstark had fully learnt the business of the forest life, and wished themselves away again, to seek their fortunes in the world. But the old forester and his wife would not part with them for their lives. And now that they were eighteen years old, they longed ardently to see more of the world, and would no longer be withheld by the entreaties and tears of the old couple. And when the latter saw that they could no longer keep them, they gave each of them a new hunting coat; and the old woman went up into the garret, and brought down two hunting knives, with a spoon and a little knife in the handle of each, and she presented one to each of the youths, and said—"Take these two hunting knives, and keep them in remembrance of your old foster-mother. I received them, on my bridal-day, from a strange old woman, who long ere this must rest beneath the sod. She told me to give them one day to my sons; and when they separated, they were to stick these little knives in the trunk of a tree, at the cross-road where they parted. Whichever then of the brothers first returned to that tree, should draw out the other's knife; if it remained white and clean, it would be a sign that his brother lived and was well; but if it had become rusty, it would be a sure token that his brother was either dead, or in

great danger of death. You see!" she continued, "heaven has not blessed me with children, and therefore the two knives have lain untouched till now. But now you are my sons, and may perhaps need them. Alack! I know not how it is, but I feel as if I should never see you again!" As she said this, she hid her face in her apron, and let her tears flow.

Then the old forester turned to them and said, "I know how it is with you youngsters—I was once young myself. You think that it is all Paradise beyond the hills, that and the roasted pigeons fly into a man's mouth of their own accord— but no such thing—they must be caught, and plucked, and roasted, just the same as here. And often it fares worse yonder, for sometimes one finds none to kill, and goes home with an empty bag. However, I tell you, if it should ever fare ill with you, you know where you are at home; and that you must promise me,—that if you fare no better yonder, or worse, than you have done here, you will come back to me; you need not be ashamed, I know very well how it is."

This they both promised with their hands and lips, and all separated with tears. Brunnenhold and Brunnenstark went out into the world. But the two old people could no longer accustom themselves to living all alone. The wife missed them everywhere, in the house, and in the yard, and in the garden;

and her husband no longer loved to go out into the woods to hunt, as before. And they both died of old age, and had no wish save that of seeing their two foster-children once again. But this wish could not be fulfilled, for they were wandering about the world, and had each his own adventures to pursue.

And when Armina, their mother, once came to see after her sons, there lived a strange forester in the forest, who could scarcely give any information about his old predecessor. But of Brunnenhold and Brunnenstark he knew nothing at all, for he had, himself, come from a distant part, to settle in the deserted forest-house.

CHAP. III.

BRUNNENHOLD and Brunnenstark proceeded onwards, and always onwards, till at length they came to a thick wood, so thick indeed and overgrown, that the sun's rays could not penetrate into it, so that it was never perfect day within. The path was narrow upon which they went, and would scarcely admit of their walking together. And when they had come exactly to the centre of the thick, dark wood, they suddenly heard a roaring that was louder than any they had ever heard;

and they first were frightened when they heard it, and then they were glad; for they thought there would be an adventure for them. And the roaring came nearer and nearer; and now it seemed close to the narrow road, and they heard a rustling in the bushes. And lo! a lioness stood in the middle of the way, and looked coolly upon them, and roared out, and then went away again into the thicket.

Then Brunnenhold said to Brunnenstark—"It seemed to me as if she roared out to us that we must wait here." "Was it not so?" said Brunnenstark. And they stopped and talked about it; and out came the lioness again, and she bore two young lions in her mouth, and she threw them down at their feet, and roared out. And they heard distinctly the words—"There, take them; you will have need of them." Then the lioness disappeared, leaving the two cubs at their feet. And Brunnenhold and Brunnenstark made chains for them of willow boughs, and led them after them, and talked of the adventure, how extraordinary it was.

And they had not done talking of it, when they heard a growling and growling through the wood; and there was a rustling among the bushes before them, and a she bear came out, and looked at them, and growled, and went back into the wood. And after a little time she came out again, dragging two

cubs along with her, and she left them there, growling distinctly—"There, take them—you will have need of them."

And they were yet more astonished that this second savage beast should give them her little ones. And they twisted switches again into a chain, and bound their young bears, and made them follow them.

And so they went on. Then suddenly they heard a dreadful howling around. And it came nearer and nearer, and a wolf came howling out of the thicket, and looked at them, and then ran away. And they waited, marvelling, to see if the wolf would do the same as the lioness and the she-bear. But they waited not long, before she returned and brought them two young wolves, and threw them at their feet, and they distinguished amid her howlings the same words—"Take them, for you may want them." And each made another chain of twigs for the young wolves, and led them on.

Then at length Brunnenhold said to Brunnenstark, "It is pleasant enough, that so far, the like has happened to both of us; but methinks it would be yet more agreeable to separate, and appoint a place where we may meet again. Then each would encounter his separate adventures, and when we met again in the world, we could relate to one another what may have befallen us, and so we should live a double life of

adventures." This discourse pleased Brunnenstark, for he had already thought the same to himself, only he would not tell his brother, for fear he should not like the proposal. Besides, he thought they might then, one or other of them, sooner or later meet with their mother, in the course of their wanderings. So they agreed to part at the first cross-road, and to turn, one to the right, and the other to the left.

And when they were come to the next cross-road, Brunnenhold stopped, and drew out his hunting knife, and took the little knife that was in the handle of it, and stuck it up to the hilt in the trunk of a large oak, that stood at the parting of the roads, and said—"Do thou the same, that each may have a sign when he comes back, whether the other be living or dead." And Brunnenstark drew out his little knife also, and stuck it up to the handle in the trunk. Then they embraced, and separated from each other, and promised to return after a certain number of years, to see if the knives were rusty. And they took each his road, the one to the right hand, and the other to the left.

Now Brunnenhold had taken the road to the right, and he journeyed on through field and meadow, and over hill and dale, pursuing his occupation as he listed, one day here, and one day there. And in this manner he arrived at a large city. And as he entered

the gate of the city, he beheld all the houses hung with black cloth; and instead of the colours, a long piece of mourning crape was flying on the flag-staff at the palace. A death-like stillness reigned in the streets, and not a man nor woman was to be seen anywhere.

And he entered a tavern, and requested a glass of something to refresh him. And the landlord went and fetched him a draught of fresh ale, and placed it before him on the table and said not a word—not even "much good may it do you"!* Then Brunnenhold became curious to know why the city was so sorrowful, and he turned to the host and said—"Prythee, friend, tell me what has happened to your city? You are all in mourning, and I see everywhere nothing but black cloths hanging about, and mourning crapes flying. Who is it that is dead?"

But the landlord fetched a deep sigh and said—"Alas! Sir, we are threatened with a great misfortune.—See, place yourself at that window, and look out yonder! what do you see there on the top of the mountain?" "I see nothing," answered Brunnenhold, "but a large square rock." "Well," said the host "if you see that, you have our whole misfortune before you."

* In former times, this was the benison invariably bestowed by "*mine host*," on presenting a tankard to his guests.

Then Brunnenhold marvelled and said—"But how can that great stone be your misfortune? I cannot understand it! It lies firm enough on the hill's back, and may lie there long ere it falls and topples down your house." "Ah! truly there is no need of that," said the landlord; "that stone, look you, is called the dragon's stone, and we are forced every new-moon to place there on the top of it, the maiden that from new-moon to new-moon shall have attained her sixteenth year. Then there comes a terrible, seven-headed dragon, that swallows her up, bones, and hair, and all. And if we do it not, the dragon threatens to fall upon our city, and upon all the cities and towns in the kingdom, and to spit fire out of his seven mouths, and to swallow up every thing that shall fall within the range of his fourteen fiery eyes. Therefore, on the first day after the new-moon, the register of the maidens is again examined, for the next time, and to see who will reach her sixteenth year during the month. Then the youngest of them is selected and placed on the dragon's rock. And behold now, during the last four weeks, no other maiden save the king's only daughter has reached her sixteenth year, and so she must be led out at noon to be sacrificed. But you shall see her first; she is a perfect pattern to all maidens in beauty and virtue."

Then Brunnenhold said—"Now I comprehend why the whole city is in mourning. But say,

is there not a man in all your land who has courage to slay the dragon?" "What! slay it?" answered the host; "a dragon is not a spruce little gentleman like you, with a rosy-cheeked, comely face, and soft blue eyes; no, he has scales upon him that are like steel, and they cover his whole body; only upon his greedy throat he has small rings instead, and there he is vulnerable. But it requires a giant's strength, and the courage of a lion, and then it's of no use after all." "Why so?" asked Brunnenhold, "Why so? why because the dragon is all the better pleased when anybody hacks off one of his seven heads, for instantly out of the streaming blood there spring up two new ones.—Think ye none have tried it with him? Six have already fought him, and the dragon has got each time one head the more, while the fool-hardy combatants have come off with the loss of the only head they had,—for the dragon has eaten them all clean up."

And while they were thus conversing together about the dragon, there came a herald through the street, blowing a trumpet and proclaiming with a loud voice—"The king has sworn by his head, that whosoever shall slay the seven-headed dragon and so release the king's daughter from the dragon's rock, shall marry the princess, and become heir to the throne!"

And he went on through all the streets, declaring aloud the proclamation of the king. And the landlord said—"Aye aye, call as long as you will—nobody will be fool enough to venture his neck for the king's daughter."

Brunnenhold was silent and said not a word; but having drank his can empty, he rose and demanded what he was to pay; and he paid for his drink and was about to go. Then the landlord of the tavern looked him full in the face, and shook his head, saying—"Hark you, young man, what is it you are meditating? I see you have got something in your head—why should you go away again so soon? Surely you will not be so rash as to attack the dragon?" And Brunnenhold said—"Well, and what if I did?" Then the landlord turned pale and cried out, "What! would you set your young life upon the chance?—for you are lost, with your smooth face, and your curly locks, and your blue eyes, if you come but within the range of his fourteen monstrous eyes of fire. It is no joke, my young master, such a dragon as that,—you may be a good hunter, but a dragon is not game for you; it is a very dreadful beast to hunt,—knights and warriors have already assailed him, and have failed to conquer him. Prythee, take my advice,—stay here quietly and pass the season of mourning with us. There will be a numerous procession to-day

to the dragon's rock;—it is said; the king himself will accompany it, and it must pass directly before my house, therefore you will see it best here."

Brunnenhold gave his loquacious host no answer, but went out, and took his beasts with him, and went to the dragon's rock. And when he was there, he let his beasts loose from their chains, and stationed himself, with them, in a thicket hard by. And noon arrived; and then there came a funeral procession out of the city. First came the king, weeping, and his daughter, who was wrapped up in a large black veil so that one could scarcely see her form, was carried after him in a black litter. After her came the grandees and nobles of the king's court; then followed a hundred young virgins, bearing each a funeral wreath of rosemary and white roses, and as many youths, bearing sprigs of cypress in their hands. And last of all came a long line of the citizens, and inhabitants of the surrounding country.

And when the procession had reached the dragon's rock, they lifted the king's daughter out of her litter, and her father embraced her, and took his last leave of her with floods of tears.—Then they bound her eyes, and the black veil was taken off, and the eight men who had carried the litter now led her up the steps to the top of the dragon's rock. And the youths planted their sprigs of cypress round about the

immense stone, and the virgins waved their funeral wreaths, and threw them in a circle round the weeping maiden. And when they had done that, they all hurried and ran down again quickly. And the procession hastened back to the city, and not one of them all looked back any more, after the poor, trembling virgin. Only her father often turned round, and tears flowed down his cheeks; but his courtiers hurried him along, and would not suffer him to stop to look.

And soon the procession had reached the city, and all was still around the dragon's rock. Only the tender king's daughter stood above, trembling and sobbing aloud, and wailing that her complaints filled the wide waste which surrounded the dragon's rock. Then Brunnenhold came forth, and mounted the rock with his beasts, with the lion, the bear, and the wolf, that were now scarcely a year old, and yet were they larger and stronger than the full-grown and strongest of their species.

And when he reached the top, he stood before the virgin, lost in wonder and admiration: for he had never seen a maiden more gentle, and more lovely. And he took her by the hand. And she shrieked aloud, for she thought it was the dragon; but he said—"Fear not, noble lady, for lo! I am come to deliver you from the dragon." And thereupon he loosened the

bandage from her eyes, and comforted her, and led her down from the dragon's stone.

And as he was about to re-ascend the dragon's rock, the king's daughter looked upon him, and beheld what beautiful blond hair he had, and how it fell in ringlets upon his neck, and what a mild light beamed from his blue eyes; and when she reflected what a noble youth he must be to undertake so perilous a task, she wanted to go up again in his place, and would not suffer him to expose himself to the dragon. But he quieted her apprehensions with his courageous discourse, and ascended the rock, and drew his hunting knife; and around him stood the lion, the bear, and the wolf. And the beasts' eyes glowed with fire, so that one might have imagined they were eager to engage with the dragon.

As the day drew towards the close, the dragon appeared afar off in the heavens, and darkened the sun's face like a cloud. And he came nearer and nearer, and stood now upon the rock, and stretched the jaws of his middlemost head wide open against Brunnenhold, to swallow him up. But Brunnenhold dealt him a powerful stroke with his knife, and cut off his head exactly at the ring of his neck. And the lion hung with his mighty claws upon the stump of his neck, and sucked in the streaming blood, so that no new head could spring up out of it. Then the

dragon opened his second pair of jaws against him, and spit fire at him. But before the flame reached him, Brunnenhold hewed off his second head, and so also the third, and the fourth, and the fifth, and the sixth, and the seventh. And his beasts constantly sucked in the blood as it streamed forth from his necks, and became so strong after it, that they drew the enormous dragon down from the rock, and tore his carcass into a thousand pieces.

And the king's daughter stood with her face turned away, and suffered great distress, lest the heroic youth should fall a prey to the monster. But as he now called to her, and descended from the rock, and stood before her, offering to lead her and shew her the conquered dragon, still being torn by the beasts, the tears of joy ran down her cheeks, and she fell upon her deliverer's neck, and could not find words to thank him for her great emotion; and a heavenly smile played upon her features, and she called him her bridegroom, because her father had sworn to give her to whomsoever should deliver her from the dragon's rock, and to make him heir to his throne.

And Brunnenhold rejoiced heartily, and called her his lovely, gentle bride, and said to her—"Go down now, noble lady, into the city, and present yourself to the king, and tell him who has delivered you; and I will return in a year and a day to celebrate the

marriage festival: I would gladly go with you now, but that I know your father would not allow me to leave him again. Now I have yet a mother, whom I must first seek out, that she may give me her blessing: for they say that a double portion of happiness and peace attends the marriage that is made with our parents' benison. For a year and a day I will seek her; if I find her sooner on my way, I will return to you sooner; but if I do not find her at all, in that time, I will look upon it as the dispensation of heaven, and return back without her blessing.

Then, in order that the king's daughter might know him again when he returned, he broke off the tip of the blade of his hunting knife, and gave it to her. And the maiden set out to return to the city: but Brunnenhold stayed behind upon the dragon's rock, and took the teeth out of the dragon's seven heads and put them into his pockets. Then he descended on the opposite side; and he wandered about a whole year, and sought his mother everywhere, but could not find her.

CHAP. IV.

As the king's daughter went down from the dragon's rock into the city, full of joy at her delivery

from death by the handsome youth, and, at the same time, full of sorrow that he could not go with her directly to her father, she was obliged to pass through a wood, and by the door of a man who made charcoal. And as she went by the shed where he kept his wood to burn, he rushed out with a club, which he brandished high in the air, and threatened to kill her if she did not swear the most sacred oath, that she would tell the king, and every body, that he, the charcoal burner, had delivered her from the dragon. Then the king's daughter fell down upon her knees at his feet, and implored him to spare her, promising to give him money, and houses, and land, as much as he would. But he persisted in his demand, and threatened to kill her instantly, with one blow of his enormous club, if she did not take the oath. Then she swore to him with the most sacred oath, that she would give out that he had delivered her from the dragon, and that she would become his wife. And when she had so sworn, he suffered her to proceed home. And he went up immediately to the dragon's rock, and struck off part of the scull from each of the dragon's heads, and put them into a sack, and took them home to his dwelling, that he might have a proof of his having killed the dragon.

And he had scarcely got home to his shed, before a costly carriage appeared, which was sent to carry

him to the king. And he seated himself therein with his sooty clothes, and took the dragon's sculls with him, and the club.

And the king received him with great honor, and caused him immediately to be washed, and clad in a rich suit, and his face cleansed from the soot. And he caused the sculls to be placed in his cabinet, because his most precious jewel, his beloved daughter, had been preserved by the death of the dragon. And he caused the charcoal-man's club to be preserved, because he believed that he had slain the dragon with it.

And when a few days were passed, the king made preparations for the nuptials of his daughter and the charcoal-burner.—Then the noble princess fell at his feet and besought him to grant her three years' grace. But the king said—"Hark you, my child; I would gladly grant your request, if it would avail any thing; but what must be done is better done directly, and you must become the bride of the charcoal burner, since he is your preserver, and I have given him my royal word, and have sworn a solemn oath, which I dare not break, even if your deliverer himself wished it."

Then she burst into tears, and entreated him to grant her but one year's delay. And the king had the charcoal-burner called into his presence, and represented the matter to him, and asked him if he

would postpone the nuptials for a year. And the charcoal-burner consented to it. And the maiden rejoiced greatly, for she trusted confidently in the promise of her deliverer with the beautiful blond hair and soft blue eyes. But one day passed after another, and one week after another, and the months flew away, and the morning had broke upon the day in which she was to be married to the charcoal-burner, and her deliverer was not come. And she had fallen down at her father's feet, as he again commenced the preparations for the nuptials, and had besought him with tears, to grant her further delay. But she would not break her oath, and confess why she so besought him; and he turned away from her in anger, and called her a silly girl, because she asked a request and knew not why she asked it, nor could give any reason whatever. And he proceeded in the preparations, and bade her superintend the cooking in the kitchen, as was her custom on feast-days.

Now Brunnenhold returned to the city, and heard music playing, and saw colours flying; and all the houses were decorated with wreaths of flowers, and all the people had put on their best clothes. And he turned into the same tavern as before, and demanded something to drink; and the host recognized him, for he saw his beasts lying about him on the floor, and he cried—"Ah ah! methinks I have had the

pleasure of seeing your honor before. Yes, yes, it was exactly this day twelvemonth that you wanted to make me believe you were going up straight to the dragon's rock, and I took a good deal of pains to dissuade you from it, for I thought you were in earnest. Well, a tavern-keeper must learn to humour his guests."

Then Brunnenhold became attentive and asked him—"What! is the dragon alive yet?" "Oh! mercy defend us! no! no! he is dead enough. God be praised! there are no more funeral processions up to the rock," answered the host. And when Brunnenhold asked how that happened, he said—"Why look you, several have made the attempt to slay the dragon, but none of them were wise enough to leave his heads on his necks, and to find some other method of dispatching him, until the charcoal-burner went, and broke the scull of every head with a club, so that no single one could grow into two, as they did before."

Then Brunnenhold laughed and said to the host—"You are facetious, Mr. Landlord; but why do you pretend to be so ignorant of the matter?" And the landlord stared at him in astonishment, and knew not what answer to make; his amazement encreased when he perceived that Brunnenhold laid claim to the honor of the feat, and he was at a loss whether to believe him or not. Brunnenhold observing his doubt, said

to him—"Mark you! I will send my lion up to the king's palace, and he shall bring me back the princess's necklace, as a proof that she knows me, and will remember me when she sees the lion."

But the landlord would not believe him when he said it, and he laid him a hundred pieces of gold to one, that it could not be; for he thought the centinals on guard would not permit the lion to reach the princess's apartments. And Brunnenhold made the bet with him, for he knew that his beasts were gifted with reason, and were wiser than many men; and he put his hunting knife into his lion's mouth, and said to him—"Go into the king's palace, and fetch me the princess's necklace." And the lion went out, and the landlord looked after him, not a little surprized to see him take the right road to the palace.

And the lion passed along, at a rapid pace, through the streets leading to the king's palace; and the people all got out of his way, and went and spread an alarm, and said that there was a loose lion prowling about the city.

And when he came to the palace gates, he entered; and the sentries did not venture to stop him, but fled into the guard house, for the lion was much bigger than any ordinary lion. And so he passed on, unmolested, up the steps, and along the corridors, and by several doors. And when he came to the kitchen

where the spits were turning, the jacks rattling, the flames crackling, and the cooks and the maids and the scullions running to and fro, arranging the pots and the pans, and here throwing in salt, and there pepper, and here stirring the coals, and there replenishing the fires with wood—the lion entered. And the cook-maids, when they saw him, ran into the cupboards, and locked themselves in; and the cook and his assistants got up the chimney.

But Helgrita, the king's daughter, stood there, preparing a favorite dish for her father. And as she perceived the kitchen-maids running away, she looked up, and saw the lion entering the kitchen. And it immediately occurred to her that it might be Brunnenhold's lion. And she approached him, and perceived the hunting knife, and knew it again, for Brunnenhold had broken off the end of it and given it to her that she might recognize him. And the tears of joy stood in her eyes, for she now hoped that her deliverer himself was near at hand. And in her delight, she flung her arms round the lion's neck, and caressed him with her hands. But the lion looked at her expressively, and turned his eyes upon her necklace; and when he saw it his eyes glistened more joyfully. This the maiden observed, and she asked him, while she loaded him with caresses. "Does my necklace please thee, dear beast?" And the

lion nodded his head. And the chief cook peeped down out of the chimney, and was amazed to see the lion so tame, and he said—"Yes, yes, the necklace pleases him, no doubt, but I should not like to have it on, for fear of my neck. My noble mistress, do not trust the beast, but give him the best joint on the spit and get rid of him, if you can, or he may take a liking to yourself next."

Helgrita, however, was in no fear of him, but was disposed to give him a good feed, and she offered him a large leg of veal; but the lion shook his head and fixed his sparkling eyes upon her necklace. Then the princess took her costly necklace from her neck, and held it in her hand, so that the jewels glittered and played in the glare of the fire. And the lion placed himself before the princess with his fore-paws on the earth, and stretched out his neck,—at which the princess smiled and said—"How now, foolish beast? Am I to put my jewels upon your neck?" Again the lion nodded his head in answer, and Helgrita playfully fixed the glittering band upon his shaggy neck. But he no sooner felt it than he sprang up and ran out of the kitchen, and through all the gates, and into the street.

And when the lion was gone, the cook-maids and scullions came out of the closets and pantries, for they had seen, through the key-holes and crevices, that he was gone. And the master-cook and his assistants

came down out of the chimney, and brushed the soot from their clothes, and wiped the smoke out of their eyes, and were all astonished at the occurrence.

But Helgrita smiled and was in good spirits, for she now imbibed fresh hope that her true deliverer would claim her of her father.

In the mean time, Brunnenhold was seated in the tavern, taking his refreshment, and the host was standing at the door, watching the street through which the lion must return. And when he beheld him at a distance, and perceived the precious stones upon his mane, glittering in the sun-beams, he threw himself for support into the nearest chair, and cried in pitiful accents, "Oh my hundred gold pieces! my hundred gold pieces."

But Brunnenhold rejoiced when the lion brought him the necklace, for by that he knew that Helgrita was mindful of him. And when the landlord went away sighing, and returned, with tears in his eyes, to count out to him the hundred gold pieces, he said, laughing, "Well, how now Mr. Boniface? are you disposed to lay another wager with me?" "No, no, said the host, I have had enough of it!" and casting one more parting look at his money he sighed out—"Oh my hundred gold pieces!" But Brunnenhold did not appear to notice it, and said—"Or I would have sent the lion again, to bring the princess down herself."

"And that he would have let alone" said the landlord; "No, no, wise and cunning as he may be, I would not mind venturing any thing you choose upon that. I'll lay you my house and stables and all my property to these hundred gold pieces, that your lion will not do as you say." "Your hand upon it, Mr. Landlord!" said Brunnenhold, and he offered him his hand, and the landlord shook hands with him and cried, "Yes! my house and land and all my property, I wager all upon it! you shall drive me naked out of my own house, if the lion returns with the king's daughter."

Then Brunnenhold unfastened the necklace, and putting one end of it into the lion's mouth said—"Go and bring back with you the king's daughter!" And the lion ran away again, passed all the sentries, and arrived at the royal kitchen.

And some of the maids and scullions took to flight again, but not all, for they saw how tame the lion was. And when the lion came to Helgrita, he laid the necklace in her hand, and took hold of her apron with his teeth, and drew her gently out of the kitchen; and at the kitchen door he offered her his back, crouching down and looking up in her face as much as to say "get upon my back." And she had scarcely done it before he set off and ran away with her as fast as he could. And for all that she

cried out to stop him, nobody dared attempt it: for all were terrified at the lion's size and strength. And as the last sentry at the palace gate placed himself in his way, the lion threw him down, without stopping, and ran on, unmolested, till he reached the tavern where his master was.

And Brunnenhold ran to meet the princess, and lifted her down, and she sank into his arms, and shed tears of joy because that her deliverer was come in time; and she related to him the wickedness of the charcoal-burner. Then Brunnenhold begged her to procure him an audience of the king and his court, before the celebration of the nuptials, that he might expose the charcoal-burner's treachery.

And so he led the princess back to the palace gates, and then returned to wait at the tavern, till a message should be brought him that the king had granted him a public audience. And when he entered the tavern, the terrified host lay motionless upon his couch, for he feared lest Brunnenhold should deprive him of all his property, since he had lost the wager.

But Brunnenhold comforted him and said—"Cheer up, my good fellow! I have no need of your money, and I only jested about the wagers. I will give you back your hundred pieces of gold, for I should be sorry to rob you of what lies so near your heart." Then the host plucked up his spirits, and looked

gay again, and thanked him with a hundred obsequious bows, and called him a noble young lord, and wished him all kinds of happiness.

And when *Jungfrau* Helgrita reached the palace, she went immediately to her father, and fell down at his feet, and besought him to grant her one more favor, before her wedding. But the king was angry, and refused to hear her; for he thought she wanted to sue for a further postponement of the nuptials. Then she tore her hair, and wept so bitterly, that the king took compassion on her, and said—"What wilt thou, my daughter?" And she named her request, and entreated that he would grant a public audience, in the presence of all his court, to a stranger, who was just arrived in the city: and that he would do it before the celebration of the nuptials. "What is the meaning of all this?" said the king, "that you are so zealous about the affairs of a stranger?" But she answered, "He will soon tell you, father; *I* dare not tell you, for my tongue is tied by a solemn oath."

Then the king was curious to see what it all meant, and he consented to her request, and commanded his counsellors and nobles to assemble with all expedition. And Helgrita sent a messenger to call Brunnenhold to the palace. And the king sat upon the throne, holding his sceptre in his right hand, and at his right and his left stood the nobles of his court, and the judges

of the land. And Brunnenhold entered, with his three beasts, leading them with chains of silver. Then the king asked gravely—"Stranger, who art thou? and what is thy desire?"

And Brunnenhold humbled himself upon one knee, according to the custom of that country, and made obeisance before the throne. Then he rose and said with a modest demeanour—"Pardon me, gracious sovereign, that I trouble you to-day about a matter that may appear to you to be of small importance. I am a young forester, as you may see by my attire; and having heard afar off of the feat that your intended son-in-law is said to have performed, I am come before your royal presence, to beg your interference with him, that he may give me friendly answers, in the presence of your majesty and your whole court, to a few questions relating to the terrific monster that was slain a year ago. Reject not my request, and think it not trivial, or foolish, until you shall have heard all."

The noble appearance and mild dimeanour of the young forester pleased the king, and he sent and requested the presence of the charcoal-burner, his intended son-in-law. And he came in muttering; but the king commanded him, for his sake, to answer the stranger's questions.

Then Brunnenhold bowed to him, gracefully, and said—"Pardon my curiosity, I am a young huntsman and desirous of making myself acquainted with the nature and properties of all birds and beasts of prey.—Therefore be so good as to favor me with a description of the terrible dragon which you slew, and some brief account of his nature and mode of existence."

And the charcoal-burner looked confused and angry, and cast his eyes down upon the earth, for he suspected that all was not right; and he could give no account of the dragon, for he had not seen him, but only detached parts and members of his carcass. But however, the king spoke kindly to him, and requested him to give him a description of the beast, for that he was himself curious to hear it. Then the coal-burner gave a short description of it, such as any-one might imagine, who had never seen a dragon; but he blushed and looked confused all the while.

"Now permit me a second question," said Brunnenhold, "and inform me where you buried the carcass of the dragon, for the king, my master whom I serve, is desirous of having the skeleton to deposit in his museum."

Then the charcoal-burner was again confused and not ready with his answer; but at last he said that

he had left the carcass upon the rock and knew not what had become of it afterwards. And Brunnenhold turned to him a third time and said—"Permit me yet another question: have dragon's any teeth?" Then the charcoal-burner answered angrily—"I know not whether dragons have teeth or not. I slew the dragon, but I care little about his nature and peculiarities; such trifles I leave to the like of you, that are readier with the tongue than I am, and may *prate* as much as they like about the things which others *do*. You examine me like a school-boy; go into the king's cabinet— there you will find the heads themselves; there they stand, with or without teeth, as I brought them here myself."

But Brunnenhold laughed and said quite composedly, "You must not be angry at my asking all these questions." And thereupon he turned to the king and all his council and said—"Dare I now propound a question to you?" And the king answered—"Thou art an extraordinary man, but thy singularity pleaseth me, and therefore propose thy question."

Then Brunnenhold said—"If a man found a nut, would he throw away the kernel and keep the shell? or would he keep the kernel and throw away the shell?" And the king answered, smiling, "Why, he would not be foolish enough to throw away the

kernel, after taking the trouble to separate it from the shell—he would rather retain the whole nut; or, if the kernel and shell together were too heavy or too large, he would, of course, keep the kernel and throw away the shell." "But supposing," said Brunnenhold, "that one had the kernel, and another the shell: which of the two would you believe to have been the first possessor of the nut—he who had the kernel, or he who had the shell?" "Why, he who had the kernel, certainly," said the king, laughing, "or he must have been a great fool to keep the shell, and throw away the kernel." "So think I, my liege," said Brunnenhold. "Now grant me the indulgence, your majesty, and cause the dragon's heads to be brought here." And the king caused them to be brought. And then Brunnenhold, to the astonishment of them all, and to the utter dismay of the charcoal-burner, proceeded to take the teeth out of his pockets, and to re-place them in the jaws of the seven dragon's heads. And when he had fitted them all, and fixed them in their sockets as firmly as if they had never been removed, he asked—"Now who was the first possessor of these heads? I, or the traitor yonder, whom you are about to make your son-in-law? Behold, the heads are the shells, that were too heavy and too large for me to carry away, and the teeth are the kernels."

And having so said, he turned to the charcoal-burner and cried—"Confess, now, what you have done!" And the king also said—"Confess, for you are guilty—and it is only upon your free confession of your guilt that your life can be spared, since you have forfeited it by your treachery."

Then the charcoal-burner cast himself down in the dust at the king's feet, and implored him not to punish him in his anger; and he confessed all: how that he had forced the gentle Helgrita to take an oath that she would give him out to be her deliverer, and how he had found the seven dragon's heads upon the top of the rock.

But the king was very wrath, and he had him thrown into a horrid dungeon, and commanded that he should end his days there. And he embraced Brunnenhold, and folded him in his arms, and sent and called his daughter, Helgrita, and commanded that their nuptials should be celebrated that very day. And Brunnenhold was seated upon a throne of velvet wrought with gold, and Helgrita by his side, and they were drawn by eight white horses with black hoofs, all through the city. And before them rode twelve heralds in scarlet and gold, with high ostrich feathers upon their velvet bonnets, who proclaimed that Brunnenhold was that day to become the king's son-in-law, and that a grand fête was to be given to

all the people, because the king had discovered that Brunnenhold had been his daughter's deliverer, and not the coal-burner. And the old king caused himself to be carried after them in a litter of ebony and ivory, decorated with gold; and he greeted all the people courteously, and threw among them whole handfuls of gold and silver medals.

And when they returned to the palace, the temple was already hung with wreaths and festoons of flowers, and a hundred virgins clothed in white, and a hundred youths clad in rose-colour were in attendance to receive the bride and bridegroom; and they conducted them into the temple, and to the altar, where the holy priest performed the sacred rite. And the virgins strewed roses before them, and the youths sprigs of myrtle. And as soon as the ceremony was over, the procession returned into the hall of state, whose roof of azure was supported by four-and-twenty columns of white marble, and four-and-twenty columns of black marble, placed alternately, and all surrounded with gold lattice-work.

And all the gates of the palace, and the doors of the hall, were thrown open, that the company might look out and witness the rejoicings of the populace, to whom the king's servants gave wine and meats in great profusion. But through the postern door which led into the shady gardens of the palace there issued

sounds of soft music, that added to the pleasures of the royal repast. And they sat and feasted till late in the night, and the joy-imparting goblet often made the circuit of the festive board. And the old king drank ever and anon to the welfare of the wedded pair, for his new son-in-law delighted him beyond measure, and he boasted himself the happiest man under the wide heaven.

CHAP. V.

BUT the old king's joy did not last long. Brunnenhold assisted him, it is true, in his affairs of government, and conducted himself with such courtesy towards the subjects, that all the people loved him. But, as he was a great hunter, he often followed the chace, and hunted with his faithful beasts in the noble forests of the kingdom, often returning only the following morning to his gentle lady. And so it happened that one day he took leave of her, and promised to return before night. And he hunted a long while, sending his beasts out in all directions. And as often as he sent them to the right hand, or the left, and up the hill, or down the dell, they always returned and brought him nothing. At length, just as he was turning to go

home, and was looking round to discover his path, he espied, through the bushes, a doe that was as white as snow. Then he felt a desire to slay so rare an animal, and sent his lion after her, and followed himself. But the lion could not overtake her, nor was he more successful. When he thought he was close to her he suddenly missed her, and then perceived her at a great distance from him, so far, indeed, that he could scarcely distinguish her. And often when he had entirely lost sight of her and prepared to return home, she shewed herself again close to him. In this manner she enticed him further and further, until he lost all knowledge of the country, and the sun sank behind a distant, and to him, a totally strange wood.

And so he found himself, on the sudden, in the middle of the forest, upon a wide, open space; and it was sown with a great many fresh cabbages, and a clear, pebbly stream ran through it. And he looked round and perceived that it must be growing late, for the moon stood high in the heavens; and he resolved to pass the night there. And so he made himself a fire, and stuck a bough on each side in the sod; and the boughs were divided at top, and forked, and he laid a stick upon them for a spit. Then he sent his lion out; and he immediately caught a hare, and brought it to him; and he skinned it

and put it upon the spit to roast. Then he sat himself down, and tended the fire, and turned the spit, and whistled a hunting-tune upon a leaf, after the manner of sportsmen. And his beasts lay round him, the lion, the bear, and the wolf, and rested themselves, and fondled their master.

He had not been sitting long, and his hare was not roasted, nor had he done whistling his favorite tune, when there came a little, grizzly old woman out of the wood; and she bent her body downwards, and supported herself upon a thorn, and breathed in her bony hands, and cried aloud, continually, with a trembling voice—"Schuck, schuck, how cold I am! schuck, schuck, how cold I am!"

Nevertheless she came not near the fire, but walked round and round Brunnenhold and his brute companions in a large circle, and cried incessantly, with increasing loudness—"Schuck, schuck, how cold I am!" Then Brunnenhold began to laugh and said—"Why you silly old creature, why dont you come near the fire if you are cold, and warm yourself?"

But the decrepit old woman with her crook-back and bony hands, would not go near the fire, for she said—"No, young master, I would rather freeze here in the cold, than place myself near you and your beasts."

Then Brunnenhold shewed her how tame the beasts were, and said—"Sit down here, old woman, they wont hurt you." "Aye," said the hag, "I would venture, if you would permit me first to strike your beasts with a reed, for else they will bite me." Then Brunnenhold grew impatient and said "What! my beasts dont want beating! They will not bite you; only sit down here."

"Oh but they will!" said she. "Let me give each of them only one gentle stroke—I cant sit down if you dont; I shall be frightened to death. Let me just touch them gently with this rod." And so saying, she drew nearer and produced a slender rod from under her mantle, and held it up, and said to Brunnenhold—"Look! this cannot hurt them! I will only just touch them with it. Pray take pity on me! I shall be frozen to death by the raw night air. Schuck, schuck, schuck, how I am freezing."

And Brunnenhold took compassion on her, thinking that he must pardon the old woman's weakness, or she would be frozen to death; for he found the night very cool himself, and he said to her—"Well, well, silly old woman, touch them, then, with your switch, but beware you dont hurt them,—you must only just touch them, for if you hurt one of them I will drive you away to freeze in the cold."

"Oh no!" answered the old hag, quite joyful, "you shall see I will only touch them." And with that she walked round Brunnenhold and his faithful beasts, and touched all the beasts, muttering some words the while. And when she had so touched each of the beasts, she touched Brunnenhold also. Then he sank down, together with his beasts, and they became each a flat, square stone.

And when Brunnenhold returned not in the evening, as he had promised his lovely bride, nor yet on the evening after that, Helgrita became very sorrowful. And when the third and fourth evening came, and he was not returned, she sent messengers out into all the forests and preserves of game in the kingdom, to seek after him. And when her messengers returned in two days and had not found him, she sent out other messengers into all parts of the kingdom. And they all returned in three months time, and had not found him anywhere.

Then she bewailed her faithful husband as dead, and put on mourning, and sorrowed in her heart, and shed many tears for his sake, and gave up all hope of ever seeing him again;—for she thought his own beasts might have torn him in pieces, or he must have fallen from some precipice, and perished for want of assistance.

But she did not give up seeking him; for she hoped that his remains might yet be found, that she might have them honorably interred.

And the good old king mourned with her over his son-in-law, as much as if he had been his own son.

CHAP. VI.

Now Brunnenstark had turned to the left at the cross-road where they parted, he and his brother Brunnenhold. And he journeyed all over the country, and went further and further, through foreign lands, and did all the inhabitants great service, in all the countries through which he passed; for wherever he came, he freed the country from dragons and all sorts of monsters, so that the people were no longer afraid to pasture their cattle in the meadows, and the shepherd left his flock, and the husbandman his field, unprotected, without any danger. But nowhere had he waited to receive the thanks of the kings and princes, whose lands he thus delivered; and although many a monarch had offered him his daughter for his wife, and promised him his throne for his inheritance, yet he had never been prevailed upon to accept any of their offers. For he said—"I am called Brunnenstark

because I am stronger than other men. And so I must journey everywhere and aid all nations, as no other man is able to aid and to serve them."

And so he journeyed about for five whole years. And all the kingdoms, far and near, were at rest: for he had destroyed all the monsters everywhere. And one day he began to feel dissatisfied that he could find nothing more to do, and he resolved to return to the cross-road where he had parted from his brother, and to see whether the little knives were still sticking in the trunk of the oak, and whether his brother was yet living and well.

And the following day he took his departure from thence and journeyed back until he came again to the cross-road where he had taken leave of his brother. And as he came, while yet afar off, he saw the top of the old oak waving in the wind. And his blood chilled as he beheld it; for the leaves on one side of the tree were no longer green and fresh, as formerly, but were faded and yellow, as if they were dying. And as he approached, with a beating heart, and drew forth his brother's little knife out of the trunk, tears gushed into his eyes, and his blood ran back to his heart, for the blade was rusted over and over.

And he seated himself in the shade of the old oak, and his soul was sad, and he was sorry that he could not sing, for he would have sung a song, a sorrowful song

of his brother's death. And he sat there till evening, and the sun went down. And he fetched a deep sigh, and a tear fell out of each of his eyes upon his cheek, for he thought to himself, "Soft and serene as the sun, the eye of heaven, where the eyes of my departed brother, and they are closed in the night of death!"

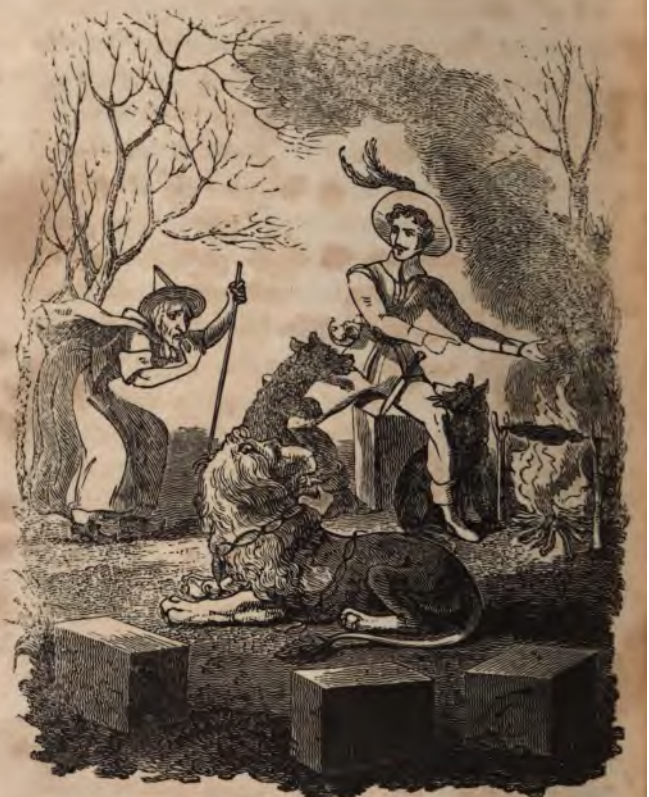
And he sat till it was dark, and every living thing was wrapt in sleep; and he stared vacantly into the black vault of the night-heaven, and thought to himself—"Still as the night is all around my brother, and always still: he hears no more the busy hum of men."

And he sat till morning, till the sun rose again and peeped above the mountain tops. And he thought to himself, "Heaven opens her cheerful eye again,—but Brunnenhold's eyes will never again receive the morning light."

And now that his beasts were awake, they stretched and roused themselves; and Brunnenstark stood up with them under the oak. Then the beasts came and fawned upon him, more than they were used, and went, one after the other, and took the road to the right; and he followed them, for he thought not of what he did. And he journeyed on further and further, through field and meadow, and over hill and dale, and hunted here and there, and wherever he

listed. So he came one day to a beautiful forest, and perceived a white doe through the thicket; and he hunted her with his beasts, and followed her everywhere, but could not overtake her. And he pursued her till late in the evening, till the sun hid himself behind the hills, and the stars came out and bespangled the heavens. And he saw her last between two high trees; and he pursued her behind the trees, and thought to catch her there; but as he reached the spot, lo! there lay before him a beautiful grass-plot, surrounded with wood. But the white doe had vanished, although he had followed close upon her; so he gave up the chase, resolving to take up his quarters there, under the clear sky.

Then he sent his beasts out, to seek food for themselves, and to bring him also something for supper. And as he was looking round for a place to make his fire, he saw four beautiful, smooth, square stones lying, and between them a huntsman's spit sticking up, such as his old foster-father and instructor had taught him to make; and upon it hung the whole skeleton of a hare, washed with the rain, and bleached in the sun. And he thought to himself that some huntsman must have rested there before him. And the place delighted him beyond measure; and he sat himself down upon one of the stones, and made his fire. And when his beasts returned, the lion



Two Foundlings at the Spring, p. 133.

brought a hare and laid it at his feet; and he stripped it of its skin and cleansed it, and stuck it on the spit, from which he had first taken away the sun-bleached skeleton.

And so he sat and turned the spit, and waited till his hare was roasted; and the flames sprang up and flickered and looked cheerful; and his beasts sat round him, and caressed him with their great paws.

And he had not sat long before there came a little old woman out of the wood; and she was bent almost double, and she supported herself with her staff, and breathed into her skinny hands, and cried—"Schuck, schuck, how I am freezing! Schuck, schuck, how I am freezing!" And when she came nearer, and Brunnenstark heard what she said, he called out to her, "What, are you blind that you dont see the fire we have got? If you are cold, come, sit down and warm yourself."

But the little woman said —"Oh no, I cannot do that, for I am afraid of the wild beasts that are lying all around you." "Pooh! sit down," said Brunnenstark, "the beasts wont hurt you; they are as tame as lambs."

Then the old woman began again to cry—"Schuck schuck, how cold I am!" And she drew forth a little rod and approached somewhat nearer, saying, "Alas! my young master, I shall be frozen to death!

Do, for mercy's sake, permit me to give each of those savage creatures a gentle stroke with my wand, that I may no longer be afraid to sit down by you and warm myself." But Brunnenstark got angry and said "You are welcome to go if you will, but you shall not strike the beasts."

"I will only just touch them, I will not hurt them," said the old woman, and she stretched out her wand to touch the lion; then Brunnenstark sprang up from his seat and said—"Keep off from me and my beasts with your wand; I have had a strange presentiment all the while you have been here. What have the beasts done to you?" Then she cried again with a trembling voice, "Schuck, schuck, schuck, schuck, how I am freezing!" and her teeth chattered, and she cried. "Alack! alack! take pity on me! I shall be frozen to death!"

Then Brunnenstark was very angry, and he went to her and said—"Yes, yes, I'll take pity on you; you shall not freeze any longer!" And with these words he took her up, and seated her upon one of the stones; then he took the chains from his beasts, and bound the old hag with them to the stone, and said, "Now your are near the fire, warm yourself as much as you will, but say not a word more about my beasts, or I'll lay the switch across your shoulders."

And she sat quite still and warmed her hands at the flickering flames, and muttered some words over her wand. Then she offered it to Brunnenstark and said, "I thank you, sir, that you did not take pity on me, and let me warm myself, and I would gladly do you a service in return.—There, take that wand, and touch each of the four stones with it, and you will be thankful that I came to you."

But Brunnenstark would not take it, for he said—"You are an old fool with your wand." But she desisted not from entreating him till he took the wand, and touched each of the stones with it.

And when he had returned the wand to the old woman, he felt something in motion under him, and he sprang up, and behold! the stone upon which he sat, stretched itself out, and formed itself, and became a lion, like his lion. And then the second stone put itself in motion, and took the form of a bear, that resembled his bear. And the third stone stretched itself out, and became a wolf, like his wolf. And now the fourth stone began to stretch itself, upon which the old woman lay all in a heap. So Brunnenstark quickly released her from the stone and made her stand upon the ground; when lo! the fourth stone moulded itself, by degrees, into form, and became a man; and he rose and rubbed his eyes, as if he had just awoke from sleep.

And as Brunnenstark looked upon him, he recognized him, and fell upon his neck and embraced him and welcomed him, crying—"Brunnenhold! how camest thou hither?" But Brunnenhold said—"Brunnenstark! my dear brother, how camest *thou* hither and foundest me sleeping? I must have fallen asleep e'en now. See, my hare is roasting yet, and will be ready anon, so you shall sup with me, and we will return back to my palace at sun-rise." And he related to him all his adventures, how he had become the king's son-in-law and heir, and how that he possessed a beautiful bride, who was called Helgrita.

And Brunnenstark marvelled, and told him how that he had not been asleep, but had been turned into a stone, together with his beasts. But Brunnenhold would not believe it, and said—"See! there is the old woman still, who wanted to warm herself at my fire; and the fire is burning yet, and my hare yet roasting."

Then the decrepit old woman fell down upon her knees, and confessed how she had enchanted Brunnenhold and his beasts, and how that she was compelled to do it because that he had been too compassionate to her, and had not turned her away harshly. And then she turned to Brunnenstark, and begged him that he would now do her a favor, of which he should not repent. And Brunnenstark

said—"If it be in my power to perform what you desire, I promise you it shall be done."

And the old hag patted his cheeks with her skinny fingers, and said—"Come then, my dear, draw your hunting knife and strike off my head with it, and let it burn to ashes in the fire. Then take of the warm ashes, and place yourself with your face towards morning, and throw three handfuls of the ashes over your head, towards evening, and then you shall see the wonder, and what a good thing you will have done for both of us."

But Brunnenstark turned away from her saying—"Away! I cannot do what you desire, for it is unlawful to shed human blood." But she continued to entreat him and to tell him that it would be no sin to cut off her head, for that she should not die, although her blood was spilled; and she teazed him so long, till at last he consented.

And he caused her to kneel down, and he struck off her head, and threw it into the fire; and the body sank instantly into the earth, and there grew up green shoots over the place, as before. And Brunnenstark seated himself with Brunnenold, and they ate together of the roasted hare, and talked over their feats and adventures, and spoke often of their kind foster-mother, how that they had heard nothing more

of her since she went to seek after them in the green forest, at the cottage of the old forester.

And when the fire had burnt out, and the old woman's head was reduced to ashes, Brunnenstark placed himself with his face towards morning, and took a handful of the ashes, and threw them over his head towards evening. And then he took another handful, and did with it as before; and so also with the third handful of ashes.

And he had scarcely thrown the last handful over his head, when there were three loud claps of thunder, and the ground trembled, as if the earth had opened behind him. And he and Brunnenhold looked round, and behold! all that part of the wood towards evening had vanished, and there stood in its place a stately castle; and all the windows were lighted up within with a great number of lights. And they stood in the gardens of the stately castle, and saw, as they approached, a beautiful, glassy lake, with tame swans sailing upon its surface. And from the centre windows of the castle they heard the sounds of merry-making.

Then Brunnenstark and Brunnenhold resolved to go up and take part in the festivities until morning. And when they entered into the halls and corridors, they were amazed at the magnificence of the place. And as they were going up the marble stairs, a

beautiful maiden met them, dressed like a queen, and followed by gay ladies and knights, richly attired.

And the lady threw herself, before them all, into Brunnenstark's arms, and said —"Behold my deliverer, who released me from the enchantment that had held me enthralled for a thousand years! It is just, therefore, and honorable, that I give him all my riches. He shall be my husband, and live with me, and govern my land as his own!" Then, addressing herself to Brunnenstark, she said—"If my proposal please you, come and let us dance the bridal dance."

And Brunnenstark hastened with her into the splendidly-lighted hall, and led her out to dance; and a hundred couples of knights and ladies danced after him, and had all room,—so large was the sumptuous hall.

In the mean time the servants hastened to spread the costly banquet in the neighbouring saloon, and called out to each other as they ran along the corridors,—"Do you know what? the princess's bridegroom is come, and they are dancing the bridal dance together, in the great hall."

And as soon as the dance was ended, all went into the banqueting room, and partook of a princely repast. Brunnenstark and Albruna sat above, and Brunnenhold next them, upon purple cushions embroidered with gold. And the Princess, the bride,

asked Brunnenstark, her bridegroom, "When I came to you with my staff, and stroked your cheeks with my bony fingers, you would not have been very ready to dance with me in the wood? See then, what a good work you performed, when you struck my old tottery head off with your knife.—For I was that little old hag, and I am sure my new head pleases you better than the old one."

And so she jested a great deal, and Brunnenstark and Brunnenhold jested with her, about her extreme age of a thousand years, and her youthful figure, that seemed to have scarcely seen sixteen summers. And they were very happy and merry together. And suddenly a servant entered, and related how that a dragon-ship had just come through the air, and descended in the garden of the castle. Then Brunnenstark and Brunnenhold hurried to the window, and saw two ladies descend from it. And they ran down the stairs immediately, and handed up the two ladies with exclamations of joy; for it was their mother, Armina, who was come along with her nurse.

And now all was joy and merriment in the castle. And as soon as it was morning, Brunnenhold rose with his beasts, and got into his mother's dragon-ship, and wished himself away from thence to comfort his distressed princess. And the ship descended in the garden

of his palace. And as he entered the court, Helgrita, his wife, sat in the casement of her chamber, weeping for her lost husband. And when she perceived him at a great distance, and his beasts with him, she could not believe her eyes. But he made haste, and went up to her and embraced her, and her tears of sorrow were turned into tears of joy.

And the populace crowded into the court of the palace, and longed to see him, for the report of his arrival had rapidly spread through the city. And when he came out and stood upon the broad steps, and showed himself to the people, there was a simultaneous burst of joy, and a thousand voices shouted his welcome home. Then the elders of the people came and bowed the knee before him; for the old king, his wife's father, was dead.

And he took his wife with him, and went to spend some days with Brunnenstark, and presented her to his mother Armina. And Armina sent for Albruna into her presence, Brunnenstark's bride; and she laid her hands upon their heads, and kissed their foreheads, and gave them a mother's blessing.

Then fêtes were held by both courts, by Brunnenhold and Brunnenstark, each more costly and splendid than the former. And afterwards each retired to his castle, and they both lived happily, and governed their people with mildness, and rendered their subjects

happy. And Armina continued to live with them, sometimes with Brunnenhold, and sometimes with Brunnenstark.

And long after their deaths were their kingdoms governed by wise and good kings, who were their great great grand-children. And when, in later times, their subjects called any one of their descendants by the name of Brunnenhold or Brunnenstark, their eyes glistened with pleasure. And all the children could relate the wonderful history of their lives.

Now, nobody knows where the countries lay, which they governed in days of yore. Perhaps they are sunk in the ocean; for an old steersman related, that one night a Mermaid sung to him the history of Brunnenhold and Brunnenstark, as he stood at the helm. And the same steersman brought the history to us, from far beyond the seas.

THE STORY OF

THE THREE BROTHERS,

OR,

THE AVENGING CUDGEL.

THE

THREE BROTHERS,

OR,

THE AVENGING CUDGEL.

CHAPTER I.

IN a small village there lived once an old farmer, who had a house, and yard, and barns, and stables, and three sons. But he so often talked to his sons of other villages and towns, and of quite different countries which he had visited in his younger days, that they all felt a strong desire to see these foreign countries themselves. So the eldest of the three sons went to his father, and said—"Father, give me my inheritance; I will go out into the world, and try if I can make my fortune."

Then the father went to his neighbour who had stood godfather to the boy, and consulted with him about it. And the godfather said—"Let him go in

So then Hanns went out into the high road, and placed his little table beneath a large spreading oak, and cried—"Table be covered!" And the little table was instantly covered, and there stood upon it six plates and dishes filled with costly viands, such as Hanns had never seen before, so that he could not tell whether they ought to be eaten with a fork or a spoon; and at each corner there was a flask of wine.

And Hanns sat himself down in the grass, beneath the little magic table, and enjoyed his meal more than he had ever enjoyed any thing before. And as often as he espied a weary traveller, or a couple of labourers coming along the road, he beckoned them to him, and shewed them his drinking cup at a distance, and made them come and eat and drink with him. And in this manner he caused the table to spread itself several times, till it was growing dark; then he put it upon his shoulders, and turned back to the nearest inn upon the road, to take up his night's quarters.

But when the landlord of the inn was going to light him up into his chamber, he took up his table in his arms to carry it with him. Then the host said to him—"Prythee, my good fellow, why do you lay such store by that rubbishing old table that you carry it with you wherever you go? If you think it likely to be stolen from you here, you are much

mistaken; I have got just such another myself, and I will give it you to boot if you will." Then Hanns laughed heartily, and said—"Aye, aye, you think so, perhaps, but I'll warrant you have not such another table as this is; for you have only to say to it 'Table be covered!' whenever you want a good dinner, and it furnishes itself with victuals and wine, and every thing that your heart can wish." When the landlord heard this, he stared with astonishment, and said—"Aye, if it be so indeed, I dont blame you for taking such care of it." Thereupon he wished him a good night's rest, and went down stairs.

Hanns, being fatigued with his journey, laid himself down directly, and fell fast asleep.

But the landlord's head ran upon what Hanns had told him about his wonderful table, and he related it below to his wife, how that their guest had a table that spread itself, whenever anybody had a mind to eat and drink.—"Wife," said he, "we ought to have such a table ourselves; how often does it happen that a guest arrives, when there is nothing to eat and drink in the house! Now if we had that table we should never be at a loss, or have any trouble about our house-keeping." "And what hinders us?" said the wife. "Come, let us go, and take his table away, and put our's in its place, for the tables are both alike." But the husband would not hear of it, for he

they were to be feasted to their heart's content, although not a pot was to boil, or a faggot be burnt upon the hearth.

And when the godfather Oelmüller came, who was the last, Hanns cried out—"Now, place yourselves, all of you, in a circle round my little table here, which I have brought home from my travels, and mind what happens." Nothing happened, however, except that all the guests burst out into a loud laugh, for Hanns cried out at least forty times, "Table be covered!" and the table did not cover itself, but stood there uncovered, without meat or drink, and the guests, baulked of their promised feast, were obliged to return home with their stomachs empty.

And from that hour the whole village, with one consent, gave Hanns the nickname of "*Gross-Hanns*," that is to say, Braggadocio, because he had undertaken more than he could perform.

And the next day he packed up his little table, and would fain have carried it back to the ice-grey pigmy man, and have told him that he repented of his bargain; but he could not find the little man anywhere, and even his hut had vanished, and every body of whom he enquired laughed at him, saying, "Nobody here knows any thing at all of any ice-grey pigmy man, and no such hut ever existed in the wood."

Then he turned back, sorrowfully, and went home and worked as his father's servant; and he heartily repented that he had ever gone out to seek his fortune, and had foolishly given away his inheritance.

CHAP. II.

AND now the second brother began to feel a desire to go out and see the world, and to make *his* fortune; but better than Hanns, for he thought himself wiser. Accordingly, he went to his father, and said—"Father, give me my portion; I want to see the world, and to seek my fortune." "What, as Hanns has done?" said the father—"No, Stoffel, be prudent, and remain at home." Stoffel, however, would not remain at home, and had no rest night or day, and gave his father no rest night or day, till he had given him his inheritance, and let him go. And all the village laughed when it was told that another of old Xavier's sons had gone out to make his fortune.

Stoffel had scarcely journeyed a day, before he came, towards evening, to a very thick wood, when suddenly the little grizzly dwarf, with his long, white beard, came up to him, and accosted him with "Whither now, Stoffel?" Stoffel wondered how the little pigmy

man should know his name, and he answered—"I have received my portion from my father, and am going to try my fortune in the world." "You could not, then, fall in with a better person than myself," said the other. "Give me your money; I will give you for it a golden donkey that is not to be bought again for any money. If you say to him "Donkey strike out!" he will kick out with all four feet, and then from each hoof there flies such a shower of golden guineas, that it is just as if four caskets of gold had been emptied at your feet, and you have nothing to do but gather it up." Stoffel was highly delighted with this, and readily agreed, if it proved true, to strike the bargain. Then the ice-grey little man led him a short distance into the wood, and shewed him the stable where the golden donkey was. But Stoffel was astonished when he entered it, for the stable was finer than any room that he had ever seen; and the crib was of silver, and the trough of gold; and the litter was made of fine unspun silk, instead of straw; and upon this the wonderful, golden donkey was lying. He was small in stature, but in all respects like an ordinary donkey. And he was fond of thistles, like other donkies, and had some left in his manger.

And the diminutive, grizzly man drove him up, and said—"Now, Stoffel, try if what I said be true."

And Stoffel cried "donkey strike out!" and he kicked out with all four feet, and the gold pieces flew about the stable. And Stoffel, overjoyed at his good fortune, gave the little man his money, and led his donkey homewards.

But soon night overtook him, and so he turned into the first inn that he came to, and it chanced to be the same at which his brother Hanns had put up.

As the host led his donkey into the stable, Stoffel said to him—"Mr. Landlord, pray take great care of my little beast, and give him a good feather bed, instead of straw, to lie on; I will reward you richly for it to-morrow; but beware that you dont say to him "donkey strike out!" for if you do I will not be answerable for the consequences." This he did to intimidate the landlord, and thought his donkey now secure from theft; "for surely," said he, "he will not venture after that to say to the ass 'donkey strike out!' and therefore will not know that he strikes out gold pieces from his hoof with every kick."

But quite the contrary. No sooner was honest Stoffel asleep, than down goes the landlord, accompanied by his wife, into the barn, where, through a grating in the door, they could peep into the stable. "Here no accident can befall," said he; "let him kick out as much as he will he cannot hurt me when I am behind this strong door." "Pooh! what is

there to hurt thee?" rejoined the wife—"say it at once! I am curious to see what will happen." "But if some ill should betide?"—said the host. Then his wife abused him, and called him an old coward, and a chicken-hearted fellow, till at length he grew ashamed of his cowardice, and so he plucked up all his courage and went to the grating in the door, and cried "Donkey strike out!" and then ran away, as fast as his legs would carry him, into the yard. But the wife's curiosity would not suffer her to run away, so she peeped through and saw what the donkey did. And she came running into the yard to her husband, laughing, and called to him, but in a very low voice, and bade him, more by signs than words, to go back into the barn. "Did'nt I tell you?" said she, "peep into the stable, and see what lies there upon the ground." And when he went and took up a handful of shining gold, she cried out to him, "See! what a grievous misfortune! Oh, if we had but such a one hanging over us every day!"

Then the landlord took off his woollen cap, and threw it up into the air, till it touched the roof of the stable, and twirled himself round upon one leg, and cried, "Hurrah! now we are rich people! now will I take another and a larger inn, and the donkey shall never again go out of my stable."

"Aye, aye," said the wife, "all that is very fine

and very soon said, but the stranger will demand his donkey to-morrow morning, and what will you do? You'll be compelled to deliver him up." "No, no, I tell thee, I will never let him go," cried the host hastily, "leave me alone to manage it—O thou dear little golden donkey, I can never part with thee!—Do you know what, wife? has not the miller yonder in the valley got just such another little donkey as this is? I'll run down quickly and buy it of him, and tell him that there is a guest in my house who is anxious to have it, and will pay him handsomely for it; and if I give him four of these gold pieces he will be ready enough to part with him, I warrant."

And with that he ran out of the house and across the yard, and he ran on as fast as he could till he came to the mill; and he struck his bargain with the miller, and brought the little grey-coat with him. And when he reached home, his wife was still searching in the stable with a lantern, for she had made the donkey strike out a great many times, so that the poor little beast had sunk down upon his feather bed, exhausted with fatigue. And she carefully gathered up all the gold pieces, that none might be there in the morning to excite the stranger's suspicions.

But as her husband now returned bringing with him the miller's little donkey, her joy exceeded all

bounds, for she saw that he was as like the golden donkey as one egg to another.

They then led the golden donkey away, and concealed him in a cellar, under the barn, where, in the summer time, they preserved their potatoes and rosemary. And they tied the miller's donkey in his place, and then retired to bed. But they could not sleep for a long while, for thinking of their good fortune; and when the wife did fall asleep, she dreamed of the golden ass, and cried, time after time, "Donkey strike out!" and when it was day-light she awoke her husband with the exclamation of "Jackass wake up!" for she could think of nothing but the jackass.

And our good friend Stoffel also awoke early, for he could no more sleep than they for thinking of the golden donkey. And when he reflected how great a man he should become in his own village, and what a noise his return would make, and how envious every body would be of his good fortune, he could not contain himself for joy. So he quickly dressed himself and went down stairs, and having paid for his lodging, took the donkey and did not perceive that he had been exchanged; and he led him from thence to his home.

He arrived at his native place before the evening bell; and his father had fed the cows, and was just going up the steps to his door, when he

chanced to espy his son Stoffel advancing along the high road, driving long-ears before him. And when he approached nearer he called out to him—"Well, Stoffel, whence now so soon? and in company too? have *you* made your fortune too already?" "Yes, father," answered Stoffel, as he drove his grey-coated companion before him into the yard. But his father was angry and said—"What! have you given all your very portion for that limping jackass; and do you imagine that you have got a fortune in him?" "Yes, dear father, and he is a fortune too,"—and he tied his beast to the railing—"but do not be cross, father, I have been wiser than brother Hanns.—Go, now, however, I pray thee, and collect together all our kinsfolk and acquaintance and neighbours, and then my donkey shall perform his wonderful feat—a feat that I warrant you all will admire." "Aye, aye," said Xavier, "I can easily guess what kind of a feat that will be, that the whole village will laugh at you, as it happened to Hanns, who is now called *Gross-Hanns* by every body for his pains. "Father," replied Stoffel, "be at ease on that score, and do as I request: you will assuredly praise my sagacity, when you see the bargain I have made. We are rich, father, richer than Schulz, and richer than even the great Baron himself, who lives in the castle yonder,

on the top of the hill; for this is no ordinary donkey that I have bought,—it is a golden donkey."

"A golden donkey!" exclaimed the father, astonished, and shook his head, but no longer with the same incredulity, for he went down and examined the animal before and behind, and on the right side, and the left. And afterwards he went and summoned all his kinsfolk and neighbours, and brought them home with him, relating to them, by the way, how that his son Stoffel had brought home a golden ass, that would make them as wealthy as the great rich Baron himself, and even wealthier.

And when he came home, with his friends at his heels, the donkey was no longer in the yard, for it had by that time grown quite dark, and Stoffel had led him up into the parlour, and lighted a lamp; for he was fearful that some of the gold pieces might be lost in the yard. As they were all now together in the room, Stoffel made them stand in a circle round the donkey, and he placed himself near grey-coat in the centre. And he said to them—"Now then, mind what happens!" Upon that he turned towards the ass, and cried—"Donkey strike out!" but the donkey did not strike out. And he called out again—"Donkey strike out!" but the donkey stood still, as before, and dropped his ears, and moved not a foot. Then the neighbours began

to laugh in their sleeves—the father to grumble and scold—and Stoffel to fear that he should be exposed to ridicule and disgrace, like his brother Hanns. Growing angry, he struck the stubborn donkey a hard blow upon the back with his fist, and cried out again and louder "Donkey strike out!" But the donkey took this command, at last, in a wrong sense, for he stood upon his fore feet, and struck out his hind legs as far as he could, braying,—"*Ehaw! ehaw! ehaw!*" so that poor Stoffel, who was unluckily standing close behind him, received such a kick from the donkey's hoofs that he was thrown down. Then the friends and kinsfolk and acquaintance burst out into a horse-laugh, and went away, rejoicing as they went to think that old Xavier had again made them such sport. And from that unlucky hour Stoffel was called by every body "Donkey Stoffel," and wherever he went the children bawled after him—"*Donkey! ehaw! ehaw! Donkey strike out!*" and the more angry he grew, the more they teazed him.

Then Stoffel went forth again with his donkey, and would have returned him to the little grizzly man in the wood; but he could neither find the little man nor the stable.

So he returned home, sorrowing, to his native village, to work thenceforward as his father's labourer.

CHAP. III.

It was now the youngest brother's turn, whose name was Thomas. It came into his head, also, that he should like to see the world, and to make his fortune, but better than his two elder brothers had done. So he went to his father, and demanded his inheritance. But his father was not willing to give it to him, for he said—"Thomas, thou hast always, from thine infancy, been more tractable than thy brothers; be obedient unto me, in this case also, and remain at home and pursue thine occupation honestly, that I may not live to see thee disgraced and ridiculed, and hooted at by the children in the streets, as thy brothers are." But Thomas answered his father and besought him:—"Do let me go, dear father! and if the like should befall me that has happened to my brothers, it will yet be well; I shall be as glad then as if I had made my fortune. Indeed, father, I cannot any longer endure this:—you look upon me as your son, and upon my brothers as your servants,—and yet they are as much your sons as I am. If I should squander away my patrimony, like my brothers, then we shall be all equal again:—then you can take us all in as your sons, or I will become your servant

also, and no longer be preferred before them,—for that is just."

Thomas's discourse pleased his father, and he embraced him and said—"Yes, thou art right! Come thou shalt have thine inheritance also, and go out into the wide world." With that he opened his chest, and gave him his patrimony in gold, and let him go.

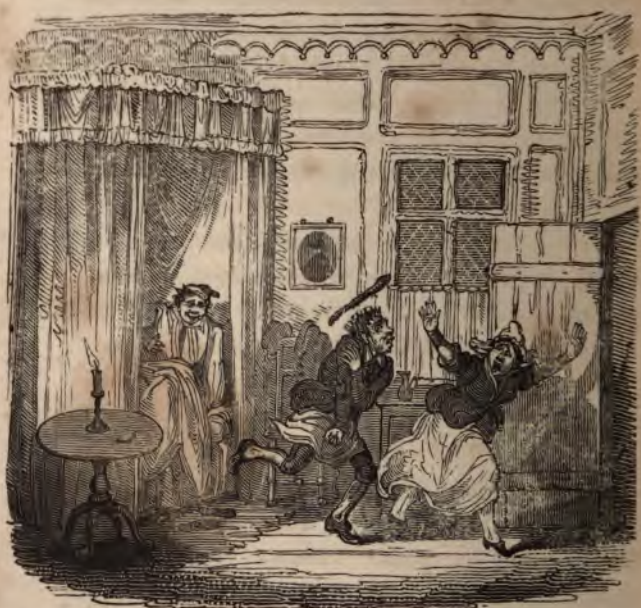
And when all the villagers heard that old Xavier's third son had set out to see the world, and to make his fortune, they said amongst themselves, "The old man himself must be of a weak understanding, seeing that he so readily acquiesces in his sons' follies."

Little Thomas, however, had set out the same day, and arrived about sun-set at the thick dark wood, which seemed to have no end; and suddenly the little ice-grey pigmy man with his long silvery beard came up to him, at the place where the path is narrowest, and said—"Good evening Thomas." "Ah, how came you to know my name?" enquired Thomas with much surprize. "Oh, I have known you long, and many a day, and all about you too. I know that you have got your patrimony with you, and that you care not whether you make your fortune with it, or lose it like your brothers, because you love your brothers, and do not wish to be better looked upon by your father than they are. Now, if you will confide in me,

give me your money, and I will give you something for it that may do you great service in the world." "Aye, if I were sure of that," replied Thomas, "you should have my money directly, but what is it that you intend to give me for it?" "I will give you a little Cudgel," replied the grizzly dwarf; "whenever you carry it in your pocket, and you say, or anybody says, 'cudgel come forth,' it will jump out of your pocket, and pummel well those who do not mean well by you, until you yourself shall cry, 'cudgel go in!"

This pleased little Tom mightily, and so he gave the little ice-grey man his money, and received in lieu of it the wonderful cudgel, which he carefully deposited in his pocket, and turned back to go home. Then the dwarf called after him as he went,—"Prythee put up at the next inn upon the road; there you will find good lodging."

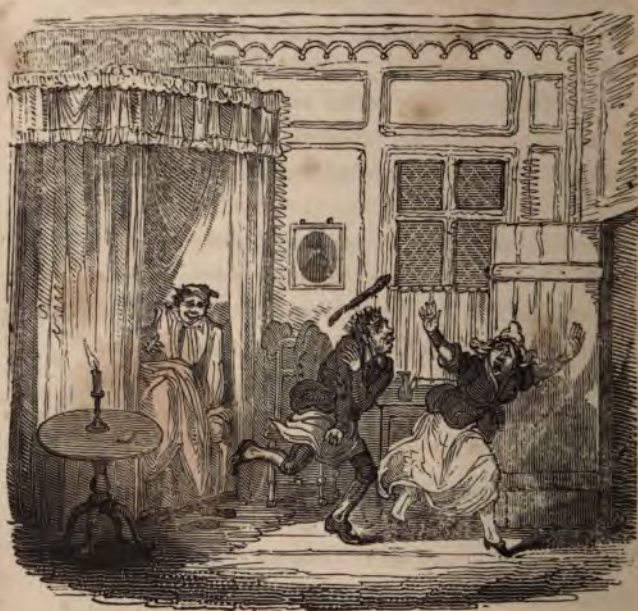
And Thomas arrived at the inn just as night came on; however, as he had but a few pence in his pocket, he demanded only a piece of dry bread and a glass of beer for his supper, and then retired to rest. But as he went out of the kitchen he said to the host and his wife—"Dont let anybody go into my chamber, by night, and cry, 'cudgel come out!' for something ill may betide." Upon that he went up stairs, and laid himself down, and fell asleep.



R. Cruik. Del. Avenging Cudgel, p. 167. *Bonner, Sc.*

Then as soon as he was gone the landlady said—"Did you mind that, husband? I'll warrant there's something more to be got; the stranger did not say that without some reason." "True," replied the husband, "I've half a mind to try it—but, wife, a cudgel's not a thing to be played with!—it looks too suspicious." "Suspicious! nonsense!" answered the hostess—"Why, did'nt 'donkey strike out' seem suspicious too? and yet you came to no harm. Who knows? perhaps the cudgel may bring us yet more good fortune than the donkey—perhaps it may make people healthy, or even young again, as we read in the old story books." "Faith you may be right again," said the landlord, "we'll even try it once more."

After waiting a little time, they crept up stairs into Thomas's room, and finding him asleep, approached near, and both cried out eagerly, "Cudgel come out!" And instantly the cudgel leaped out of Thomas's pocket, and belaboured lustily, first the landlady's shoulders, then the landlord's, till they both roared out with pain, and awoke Thomas. But Thomas was heartily glad that they were thus handsomely punished for their curiosity, and he called out himself "Cudgel come forth!" Then the cudgel bounded with redoubled zeal and force about the shoulders of the luckless couple, and they ran screaming down the stairs. But the merciless cudgel was after them all



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took down the table from the ass's back, and called his father and his brothers.

They came at his call, but they looked confused, for they were afraid the affair would end as before. Then Thomas said—"Table be covered!" and the table was instantaneously spread with costly and dainty dishes, and the incredulous multitude gaped and stared, scarcely crediting the evidence of their senses. And Thomas said again "Donkey strike out!" and the donkey struck out, and the gold pieces flew about; and many of the children who had just before hooted at and ridiculed him, now stooped down to search for some of the shining guineas. But Thomas said—"Cudgel come forth!" and the cudgel came out of his pocket, and whirled about amongst the crowd, and did not fail to fall smartly upon the backs of such as most deserved it. And as they scampered away, the cudgel flew after them all through the village, and caused a great deal of laughing, and screaming, and crying, and made many a back black and blue, before Thomas said "Cudgel go in!"

And when all the scoffers were gone, Thomas gave to his brother Hanns the magic table, and to his brother Stoffel the golden donkey, for he said—"What belongs to you shall be yours, and I will not keep it from you." Then his father and his brothers fell upon his neck, and thanked him heartily, and

took away each his gift. And from that day they sat down together, and lived on in true brotherly union; and the magic table was often commanded to be covered, and the donkey to strike out; but the cudgel was seldom called forth from its hiding place.

And as they continued to grow richer and richer, by means of the golden donkey, and assisted many of their neighbours in their distresses, by degrees Hanns lost the nick-name of *Gross-Hanns* (which means Braggadocio), and all the villagers spoke with reverence of the donkey *Ehaw*, and nobody called Stoffel "*Donkey Stoffel*" any more. But when Thomas walked along the village, all who met him pulled off their hats to him as he passed; and when he was gone by, they pointed him out to their children and told them, "Look! he it was who brought home the magic table and the golden donkey to his brothers; he himself carries the *Avenging Cudgel* in his pocket; be good, therefore, and have a care, lest he let it out upon you; for then the blows will fall as thick as hail."

And long after the magic table had been broken to pieces, and the golden donkey had died, as all donkies must, and Thomas had been buried, and the cudgel itself destroyed, the people of that village continued to warn their children of the cudgel. And the children, when they heard tell the story, grew

afraid of the cudgel, and became good child tractable and obedient.

But in these days the story is almost forgot and that is the reason there are so many naug children everywhere. Be careful, nevertheless, ridicule nobody who quietly pursues his way: for knows! perhaps it may be another Thomas wi cudgel in his pocket.

J. Wertheimer, Printer, 55, Mansell Street, Goodman's Field

afraid of the cudgel, and became good children, tractable and obedient.

But in these days the story is almost forgotten, and that is the reason there are so many naughty children everywhere. Be careful, nevertheless, and ridicule nobody who quietly pursues his way: for who knows? perhaps it may be another Thomas with a cudgel in his pocket.

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